The Outlook

AUGUST 1, 1923

DISCONTENT AND WHEAT

NOBODY maintains that Magnus Johnson was elected to the United States Senate because of his fitness. Though undoubtedly he will serve, as he promises, to the best of his ability, there is no indication that that best is likely to be very good. As a correspondent from Minnesota writes us, "On the principle, 'kind hearts are more than coronets, and simple faith than Norman blood,' Magnus Johnson will be all right as a United States Senator;" but we do not believe that he was sent to the Senate for his kind heart. Magnus Johnson has been raised into this conspicuous place as a symbol of the farmers' discontent.

With wheat at a dollar or less a bushel, and with the things that farmers have to buy at high prices, the wheat grower, in the Northwest particularly, has made up his mind that the Nation must pay some attention to him. He therefore sends to the Senate a man who in an interview is quoted as saying: "The United States Government must obtain the exact cost of production, and the farmer should be paid accordingly, with a plus profit."

The real cure for the farmer's troubles, however, cannot come through the enactment of Congressional laws which disregard natural laws. Apparently the American farmer cannot produce wheat as cheaply as the wheat growers of other great exporting nations. The countries of western Europe are growing much more of the wheat they consume than they did before the war. Outside of Russia and the Danubian countries the wheat-exporting regions of the earth increased their wheat acreage enormously, and after Russia and the Danubian countries will be returning to their old positions as factors in the world wheat trade. The prospect, therefore, is that prices will not rise above the American cost of production.

American farmers consequently must, in the opinion of two Governmental agencies, reduce their production of wheat. A committee of economists and statisticians called together by Mr. Wallace, the Secretary of Agriculture, and the War Finance Corporation, speaking through its Managing Director, Eugene Meyer, Jr., both indicate the necessity for cutting down the wheat acreage. But both these agencies of the Government refuse to be alarmed over the situation. Secretary Wallace's committee seems not to be impressed with the problem of the immediate supply, but rather with the future policy; while Mr. Meyer is skeptical about the amount of wheat stocks carried over, and asserts that the advocates of novel remedies are simply helping those who are depressing prices.

There are, however, remedies in sight.

IF NOT WHEAT, WHAT?

IF the increase of the supply of wheat in other countries and the reduction in the demand from other countries for American wheat are going to put the United States out of business as a wheat-exporting nation, the agriculture of a large section of the United States must be drastically reorganized.

The sermon of diversification, so long preached to the cotton grower, must be carried to the Northwest. Other crops must be found to rotate with wheat over those great reaches of the plains where wheat has long ruled as despot. But what are those other crops to be? It is more difficult to find an answer to that than to find substitutes for the cotton crop. Already in the southern portion of the wheat belt, in Oklahoma and Texas, much wheat land has already gone back to cotton. But for the northern end of the belt, what? This is certainly one of the biggest questions with which American agronomists and economists will have to grapple during the next three years.

There is another remedy for which some publicity has been obtained—the remedy of an artificial stimulation of a demand for wheat in America. Not only bakers and millers, but farmers, are hoping to profit by the slogan, "Eat more bread." But the special committee of economists brought together by Mr. Wallace believes that the home demand for wheat has been at the maximum during the past year, and that the farmer cannot expect any increase at home to make up for the loss in foreign demand. No Governmental fixing of prices could possibly affect those natural laws of demand and supply, nor could a Senate full of Magnus Johnsons control those laws. What ill-advised legislation may do is to retard the remedial operation of those natural laws, and therefore increase the hardships of those who are seeking relief.

The one really hopeful factor in the eyes of the economists brought together by Secretary Wallace is the migration of the agricultural population to the cities, which recently has been much accelerated. "This movement will in the long run," says the committee, "add to the urban demand for foodstuffs and will eventually lessen the supply of farm produce, thus tending to establish a more normal relationship between agricultural and other prices."

Thus a movement which for a generation has been deplored by many as tending to the decay of the country is now hailed as the saving force in restoring the country to a stable basis.

IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED

ONLY last May army aviators crossed from the Atlantic to the Pacific in a non-stop flight of less than 27 hours, and now it is extremely likely that before long a plane will succeed in spanning the continent in the light of a single day. Twice Lieutenant Russell L. Maughan has attempted the feat, and the second time he reached within 598 miles of the Pacific coast before a leak in his oil system forced him to make a final halt. In his second attempt Lieutenant Maughan left the field at Mineola, Long Island, a little after 4 A.M. Eastern standard time. He arrived at Dayton, Ohio, at 8:53. At 12:25 he was at St. Joseph, Missouri, and at 4:32, mountain time, he reached Cheyenne. It was a little after seven o'clock in the evening when he finally settled at Rock Springs, Wyoming. It is to be hoped that the War Department will give Lieutenant Maughan at least one more try at the record which he seeks to set. The courage and endurance

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which he has already shown merit a chance for a successful outcome.

THE TRIAL OF A REFORMER

WILLIAM H. ANDERSON, Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League of New York State, and one of the most influential men in the National Councils of the Anti-Saloon League, has been indicted by a grand jury on charges of larceny and forgery. Readers of The Outlook do not need to be reminded that an indictment is not a conviction and that a judgment must be withheld until these issues have been settled by trial. The charges were brought against Mr. Anderson as a result of his handling of the funds of the Anti-Saloon League. During the course of the investigation Mr. Anderson has lost public sympathy owing to his failure to put all his cards on the table. A policy of secrecy and evasion is never advisable, no matter how sure the man may be of the propriety of his acts. The surer he is, the more open he should be.

SIGSBEE OF THE MAINE

THE veteran of two wars, Charles Dwight Sigsbee, who died suddenly on July 19 at the age of seventy-eight, will be remembered chiefly as the officer in command of the Maine when she was blown up in the Harbor of Havana; but he ought to be remembered for his agile mind, his courage, his discretion, his wide and varied service, and his ability to do well whatever duty came to him in his profession.

A naval officer is called upon to perform many different functions, and Admiral Sigsbee's career furnishes examples of distinction in many of those functions. In the Civil War as an ensign he was with Farragut in Mobile Bay. In the Spanish War as a captain in command of the auxiliary cruiser St. Paul he captured a collier and defeated the Spanish cruiser Isabella II and the destroyer Terror. He helped the investigation of the cause of the destruction of the Maine. It was on a diplomatic as well as a naval errand that he was sent when he visited Havana at the time of the explosion. In a storm he saved his ship, the Blake, by scuttling her, and then raised her from her sandy bed. His quick decision saved an excursion steamer from collision. He was an inventor of a method of deep-sea sounding, and for him the deepest valley in the bed of the Gulf of Mexico and one of the rare species of deep-sea fauna are named. Much of what he did is unknown to the ordinary citizen, for much of a naval officer's work is technical and much of it is done quietly or remotely.

It was accident that brought him fame, but his able service brought honor to his country.

CONDITIONS OF THE BOK PRIZE

A COMMITTEE of men and women of high standing has been placed in charge of the hundred-thousand-dollar award by Edward W. Bok for the best practicable peace plan, and has announced its conditions. In defining the scope of the plan the Committee says:

> The winning plan must provide a practicable means whereby the United States can take its place and do its share toward preserving world peace, while not making compulsory the participation of the United States in European wars, if any such are, in the future, found unpreventable.

Subsidiary awards may be made of $5,000 each for such portions of plans as may be used by the Jury of Award in a possible composite plan. Half of the main award is to be given upon the acceptance of the winning plan by the Jury, the other half if by March 4, 1925, the plan is accepted by the United States Senate or has won, in the opinion of the Jury, "an adequate degree of popular support." Each plan must be limited to five thousand words, aside from the required summary of not more than five hundred words, and must be received at the office of the American Peace Award (which is 342 Madison Avenue, New York City) by November 15, 1923. These indicate only some of the conditions. Any aspirant for the award (to which only American citizens are eligible) should write to the American Peace Award, at the address given above, for official instructions as to the conditions which must be observed.

THE QUESTION OF PROHIBITION IN SWITZERLAND

IN Switzerland one sees no drunkards. Indeed, with such a sober, serious folk as are the Swiss one does not expect to find drink excesses. Yet in that properest of Swiss towns, Lausanne, eminent medical authorities inform us, no less than three-fifths of the cases in its municipal hospitals are due to alcoholic excesses. Perhaps not so large a proportion is characteristic of hospitals in other parts of Switzerland, but the proportion is sufficiently large to alarm the citizens in general, and the medical fraternity in particular.

The doctors have been a unit in demanding reform. This finally took the shape of state control of the manufacture of "hard liquor." Very nearly all drunkenness comes from this source, and the use of wine and beer has been regarded by the reformers as practically negligible. Under the proposed reform the Government would have had control of every distillery in Switzerland and would have imposed heavy taxes on the production or importation of alcoholic beverages. The proceeds from the taxes would have been used for the establishment of old-age pensions.

As a matter of fact, many, perhaps most, families in the Swiss country districts have their own little distilleries. The proposed reform was therefore instantly resented as being an interference with individual and family rights. This sentiment was carefully cultivated by the café and hotel people in the towns, who did not want to see their profits from this feature of their business lessened.

Despite this propaganda, however, the counter-propaganda of liberal education had been so effectively applied in the towns that when the question was submitted to a vote of the whole people on June 3 Geneva, Lausanne, Berne, Lucerne, Zurich, Basle, and the other large Swiss communities voted emphatically in favor of the reform.

The reform was defeated nevertheless because of the larger adverse vote from the country districts. The adverse vote was cantonal as well as popular.

If the vote of the cities shows the triumph of intelligence over ignorance, a similar, if not equal, triumph, it is expected, will doubtless take place in the country districts when, after further public discussion, the question is again submitted, as it will be.

RUSSIA'S POLITICAL QUARANTINE

ONCE more Secretary Hughes has found it desirable to explain why the American Government cannot recognize the Russian Bolshevist rule. Secretary Hughes's statement came in answer to a letter from Mr. Gompers, the President of the American Federation of Labor. Mr. Gompers's letter, in turn, seems to have been called forth by statements made by Senator Brookhart, who on his return from a brief visit to Russia, where he saw what the Bolsheviki wished him to see, made an appeal for the recognition of the Bolshevist Government.

The Secretary of State recalls the outrageous violation of civil liberties

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DO YOU FIND SOME OCCASION TO ANGER?

(Othello, Act II, Scene 1)

Sykes in the Hudson Observer

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FISHERMEN'S LUCK

From C. N. Morley, Hoboken, New Jersey

Kirby in the New York World

SCARED STIFF!

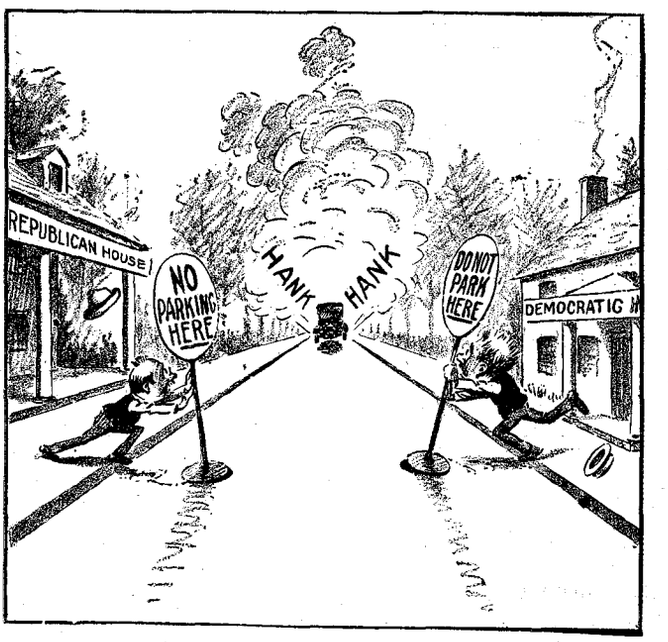
From L. M. Shiels, New York City

Thurlby in the Seattle Times

THE INQUIRING REPORTER

From Emil W. Zingg, Bremerton, Washington

Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle



FORD COMING?

From Dorothy Maynard, Au Sable Forks, New York

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perpetrated by the Bolshevist Government and the consequent oppression of the people, including the working people. This reminder seems to be necessary, for it is self-styled American liberals who are the most enthusiastic supporters of this most obnoxious tyranny that out-Czars the Czar. It is not its tyranny, however, which is decisive against the recognition of the present so-called Government in Russia. Secretary Hughes makes this plain:

> Recognition is an invitation to intercourse. It is accompanied on the part of the new government by the clearly implied or expressed promise to fulfill the obligations of intercourse. . . . In the case of the existing régime in Russia there has not only been the tyrannical procedure . . . which has caused the question of the submission or acquiescence of the Russian people to remain an open one, but also a repudiation of the obligations inherent in international intercourse and a defiance of the principles upon which alone it can be conducted. . . . The persons of our citizens in Russia are for the moment free from harm. No assurance exists, however, against a repetition of the arbitrary detentions which some of them have suffered in the past. . . . The many American citizens who have suffered directly or indirectly by the confiscation of American property in Russia remain without the prospect of indemnification. . . . What is most serious is that there is conclusive evidence that those in control at Moscow have not given up their original purpose of destroying existing governments wherever they can do so throughout the world. . . . There can be no intercourse among nations any more than among individuals except upon a general assumption of good faith. . . . The sentiment of our people is not deemed to be favorable to the acceptance into political fellowship of this régime so long as it denies the essential bases of intercourse and cherishes, as an ultimate and definite aim, the destruction of the free institutions which we have laboriously built up, containing, as they do, the necessary assurances of the freedom of labor upon which our prosperity must depend.

We wish there were some way of officially circulating the full text of the letter from which we have space only to quote in part. It ought to be possible for any citizen to apply at his post office for such a document and get it promptly. Men like Senator Brookhart and Senator-elect Johnson are doing their constituents poor service in giving encouragement to the most conscienceless tyranny in the world to-day. It is high time that our people should understand that we cannot make contracts and agreements with these Russian oligarchs who make a virtue of faithlessness.

(C) Underwood

THE INVADERS FROM OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE

THE TRACK AND COURT

GAMES and contests with Oxford and Cambridge may some day become as regular a part of an American athletic season as the annual contests between our own variously beloved enemies. Indeed, international tennis between collegians is coming to be a regular matter of exchange. Two years ago Oxford and Cambridge came to this country; last year Harvard and Yale journeyed to England; and this year the tennis players of Oxford and Cambridge are trying their fortunes on the other side of the Atlantic. In none of these contests has the English played on our courts carrying off the victory. The scores in matches between these years have been 5 to 4, 15 to 13 to 8, in every instance in favor of the American colleges.

On the track Harvard and Yale this year did not fare so well, for in a track and field meet at the great Wembley Stadium in England the Yale-Harvard team was defeated by the narrow margin of 6½ to 5½ points. This is the fifth joint track meet between these four universities.

In each event only one point was given for the winner. A system of scoring is used different from that in our own intercollegiate track meets. The English combination took the 100-yard dash, the 220-yard dash, the half-mile run, the 1-mile run, the 220-yard hurdles, and the broad jump, while the American team was winning the 440-yard run, the 2-mile run, the 120-yard hurdles, the pole vault, and the 16-pound shot. The high jump was divided between the rivals.

A REFORM FOR ALASKA

AMONG the newspaper correspondents accompanying the President on his trip to Alaska is Harold Phelps Stokes, of the New York "Evening Post." In advance of the President's speech at Seattle Mr. Stokes stated that one of the points in the executive programme for Alaska is as follows:

> Administration — Co-ordination of Federal activities through Governor with a council chosen from the various Federal departments, the Governor and his council to have executive and administrative authority, but control of fundamental policy, notably in the matter of natural resources, to remain in Washington.

Readers of The Outlook will remember that this is what Sherman Rogers, in his articles published in this journal last December and January on

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SHERMAN ROGERS'S TELEGRAPHIC REPORT FROM ALASKA

Sherman Rogers, Juneau, Alaska:

Press despatches published here report disarrangement of Harding's trip because of railroad scandal. The accusation is that the railroad was foisted on the Government in the interest of Morgan and Guggenheim, that there is a plot to remove the capital to Anchorage, and that the proposal to consolidate Alaskan departments originated with the Guggenheim interests which duped Franklin Lane and Woodrow Wilson. Please wire to reach us July twenty-third.

THE EDITORS OF THE OUTLOOK.

July 16, 1923.

The Editors of The Outlook, New York.

Governor Bone emphatically assured me to-night there was not a single word of truth in published reports of scandal preventing Presidential trip over Richardson Trail. From actual experience over Trail I know that the decision to cancel the arrangements was not only wise but necessary. Disgruntled town lot speculators along Government railroad have from time to time charged extravagance in construction of the great Alaskan railway, much to the amusement of the substantial citizens of the Territory. Responsible and neutral residents I have met in both trips to the Territory are almost a unit in unreserved praise for despatch of construction. Considering the period of high price of material and labor during war years, cost is considered reasonable. Talk of Morgan or Guggenheim influence in anything pertaining to construction or operation of Government railway is too ridiculous to merit even passing attention. Any talk of conspiracy in consolidation of departments so far as New York financial interests are concerned is plain rubbish. Removal of Land Office to Anchorage never was a plot and, in my opinion, there is no danger of capital being moved from Juneau to Anchorage, although naturally towns on Government railway would welcome the move. It can be quite definitely stated that Juneau, due to center of population and geographical advantage, will permanently remain the capital of Alaska. I might add in passing that the mere thought of Morgan or Guggenheim attempting to influence the Government regarding the construction or operation of the Government railroad is so palpably absurd as to cause the most malignant scandal-packer in the Territory to shake his head with disgust. The freight rates from Seward to Fairbanks are much too high; at the same time they are very much lower than the rates over the Guggenheim line from Cordova to Kennecott either by mile or by weight; and, in my opinion, in a very short time the rates will be slashed to a point where the whole project will be one of development of a great frontier rather than a commercial proposition. However, so far as conspiracy is concerned, the entire construction and operating of the Government railway stands out as a monument of graftless management—a record every American taxpayer can be proud of.

SHERMAN ROGERS.

Juneau, Alaska, July 23, 1923.

Alaska, advocated and urged as necessary for the proper administration of that great Territory. It is gratifying to have this testimony concerning the hopefulness of the prospect of this administrative reform.

The report concerning other matters in Alaska for which we telegraphed to Mr. Rogers is printed on this page.

A POLITICAL TEMPEST IN THE PHILIPPINES

EVERY nation which has the responsibility of governing dependents or of helping dependents govern themselves is likely at any time to find its burden somewhat lively. At present America's lively burden consists of Filipino politicians. It has taken the form of a general strike on the part of office-holders in the Philippines against what they assert to be too much Governor-General.

It began with the intervention of Governor-General Wood in the dismissal of an American police official by the Filipino Mayor of Manila. Assigned by the United States Secret Service to service in the Manila police to suppress gambling—a tough job in a Chinese and Malaysian population—this official was dismissed under charges. He was exonerated, however, by a Filipino judge, and the Governor-General reinstated him. Thereupon the members of the Council of State, with the exception of the Secretary of Education, who is an American, resigned. The Council of State consists of the heads of the various departments, the Vice-Governor-General, and the President of the Senate and the Speaker of the Assembly. Mr. Quezon on his return from Washington, where he had served as Resident Commissioner, gaining fame for his oratory in Congress, where he could speak but not vote, was elected President of the Senate. He is the cleverest politician in the islands. Mr. Roxas, Speaker of the House of Representatives, is a supporter of Mr. Quezon and was his lieutenant evidently in arranging this walkout. The other chief politician of the Philippines is Mr. Osmena, leader of the Nationalist party, as Mr. Quezon is leader of the Opposition.

These Filipino political leaders have nothing to learn from any American political machine. They are consummate politicians. Whether any of them wish independence or not for the Philippines, they all find "independence" an effective political battle-cry. It helps to bring them support from the voters. Under the politicians' rule the islands have suffered financially, economically, and administratively, and it is convenient to have an issue which will divert the Filipinos' attention from their political leaders' incompetence.

Most unfortunately for the politicians, Governor-General Leonard Wood is less interested in their ambi-

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tions than in the political, social, and economic progress of the Filipino people.

Because their interests clash with Governor-General Wood's sense of obligation the spokesmen of Filipino aspirations have been awaiting a *casus bella*. Mr. Quezon found it in the case of this dismissed police official, and he has made his appeal from his strategic position as President of the Senate as follows:

> We welcome the present crisis because it will call the attention of Congress to the need of a definite status of government here. In the resignations of members of the Council of State and the departmental secretaries there is no attack on the sovereign power of the United States, nor a challenge to the authority of its representative in the Philippine Islands. It is not even a protest against the Administration of President Harding, nor against Governor-General Wood personally, but it is a protest against the encroachment by the Governor-General on the Constitutional rights already enjoyed by the Filipino people, against usurpation of power in direct violation of existing laws.

This charge of "usurpation of power" comes very close after the Wood-Forbes investigation, which revealed a condition in the Philippines extremely disconcerting to Filipino leaders. When, thereupon, General Wood proceeded with a firm hand to correct the evils, the Filipino leaders faced inevitably a great inroad into the freedom of action which, under Governor-General Harrison, they had so thoroughly enjoyed. Naturally they wanted Governor-General Wood restrained, and they have even induced the Legislature to ask that he be removed from his post.

These politicians profess great fear of the "big American interests" supposed to be behind the programme of Governor-General Wood for the development of Philippine resources on a large scale by private capital. They have refused, for example, to change the land laws in order to provide for the plantation culture of rubber. They have opposed the curtailment of the commercial activities of the Philippine National Bank, though they have had to admit the mismanagement of that bank during the post-war period. The politicians are thus either preventing the development of the wealth of the islands or obliging private enterprise to adopt uneconomic methods.

It is impossible here to recount what General Wood found in the islands. It suffices to say that he found attempts at governmental enterprise on a large scale combined with lax methods and irregularity.

OSMEÑA, LEADER OF THE NATIONALIST PARTY

As long as the United States retains any responsibility for the Philippines it must exercise what authority it has in protecting the people of the islands on the one hand from foreign danger, and on the other hand from internal corruption and incompetence. If we are not to have any authority in the Philippines, then we must not be held responsible for them.

QUEZON, THE CLEVEREST POLITICIAN IN THE ISLANDS

The Filipino politicians cannot be allowed to be the only beneficiaries of American protection. In the present little crisis the Harding Administration ought to take a definite stand. So far as we know, it has said nothing either in disapproval or approval of the Wood-Forbes report, or definitely given its backing to General Wood. It ought to make its Philippine policy clear. Meantime we have no doubt that General Wood is glad that the politicians have thrown the gauntlet down and have brought the fight into the open.

NO CHANCE FOR A NAPOLEON

ALL honest fears of France as a Power ambitious for world domination may now die and rest in peace.

If France were ambitious as Germany proved herself to be in 1914, and as France has been accused of being, she would certainly be laying her plans for a great navy. No Power or group of Powers can dominate the world without becoming, or at least threatening to become, irresistible on both land and sea. For world domination both a first-rate army and a first-rate navy are indispensable. A nation with a mighty army may become an uncomfortable neighbor, but it cannot dictate policies to the other nations of the world unless it has at its command a navy which can control the world's seaways.

As a naval Power France is feeble.

Now, by ratifying the Washington Naval Treaty France has acknowledged her impotence, not merely for the present but for years to come, and has thus put an end to every accusation that is both honest and informed that she aims to be imperialistic Germany's successor. Hereafter any one who accuses France of attempting to dominate the world may be set down charitably as speaking out of ignorance. Those who disapprove of the policies of France may at least find reassurance in the obvious fact that she is doomed to remain without power to enforce her will upon the rest of the world.

For control of the sea it is necessary for a nation to have such fleets as can seize and hold against all attack strategic positions. For this purpose those fleets must consist, under modern world conditions, of a variety of war-vessels. If there were some way by which impregnable fortifications could be erected in the ocean

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at those strategic positions and manned by sufficient forces, of course a navy could be dispensed with. That, however, is impossible. In lieu of erecting such fortifications, a naval Power must have fortifications that are mobile. These fortifications are the capital ships. In ancient times for this purpose galleys sufficed. To-day it is necessary to have what are known as battleships and battle-cruisers. Submarines and light cruisers and destroyers may carry on a sort of guerrilla warfare, harassing the enemy's commerce, but such warfare can no more win against the overwhelming force of a well-balanced navy than guerrilla warfare can win against the overwhelming force of a powerful military machine on land. Even Germany's submarine campaign, backed though it was by a powerful battle-fleet and directed against an especially vulnerable island kingdom, failed. The battle-fleet of a nation, provided it is well balanced, is the measure of that nation's naval strength.

Measured thus, the navy of France is third rate. According to the Naval Treaty which France has signed, the chief navies of the world rank as follows in thousand tons: That of the United States, 525; that of Britain, 525; that of Japan, 315; and that of Italy and of France, each 175.

Even this, however, does not tell the whole story of France's naval weakness. Her homeland is open to attack from, not only the Atlantic Ocean, the English Channel, and the North Sea, but also the Mediterranean. These two coasts are more decisively separated from each other than are America's coasts on the Atlantic and Pacific; for America holds control over the line of communication between her two coasts, while France depends for the control of the connection between her two coasts, not upon herself, but upon Great Britain. Moreover, France has a colonial empire to defend second in extent only to that of Great Britain. And yet by this Naval Treaty she has limited herself to a navy no larger than Italy's.

If any Frenchmen dream such dreams as those which the Kaiser dreamed, they can be safely left to dream undisturbed. There is no danger to the world in them. Certainly we here in America can set our minds at rest. We have the right to a navy equal to the most powerful in the world, three times that of France. No matter what allies France might secure, her naval strength pitted against the United States alone would be of no avail, and pitted against the United States and Britain would be paltry. Those who are conjuring up in their imagination a Napoleonic policy for France can scarcely complain if their honesty is suspected, because their fancies are certainly preposterous.

INDUSTRIAL WAR VERSUS INDUSTRIAL CO-OPERATION

BY LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT
CONTRIBUTING EDITOR OF THE OUTLOOK

SOME comments of mine on the coal industry in The Outlook of July 11 have brought me the following letter from Mr. Ralph M. Easley, Chairman of the Executive Council of the National Civic Federation:

July 16, 1923.

Editor, The Outlook.

Sir:—I have read with great interest the address on "Coal" by Mr. Lawrence F. Abbott in The Outlook of July 11. There are so many good things in it that to find fault with it may seem hypercritical. . . .

Mr. Lawrence Abbott defines the term Industrial Democracy as follows:

"Industrial Democracy is that state of social economics in which the worker shall have a voice in choosing the management and in regulating conditions of labor."

He also states:

"I used to think that this problem of co-operation was essentially a problem of profit sharing. I do not think so any longer. Money is not at the bottom of this thing at all. . . . The fundamental desire of the workingmen is to have a voice in their industries as to the conditions of labor as well as a voice regarding the sharing of the products of labor."

I should like to know what he means when he talks about the worker having a "voice in choosing the management." I do not know of any organizations in the American labor movement which make any such demand. The fact is, they do not want to have any responsibility for management; they want the employer to carry that burden. They do want a voice in the regulation of the conditions under which they labor; but that is all taken care of under their collective bargaining contract. There are organizations which are not American but Russian, such as the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, which demand not only a controlling voice in the management but are also openly educating their people eventually to take over the industry by force. This is in line with Haywood's definition of "Industrial Democracy," but I know that Mr. Lawrence Abbott does not mean anything of that kind.

In the demands made by the Anthracite Mine Workers I do not see any for "sharing the products of labor" unless Mr. Abbott interprets the demand for wages as meaning that; but the phrase is not generally used in that sense.

In his admirable report on "Labor Conditions in Great Britain and France" J. W. Sullivan, the "Nestor" of trade-unionism, points out clearly the fallacy of the idea that the workers want a voice in the management. Mr. Sullivan says:

"'Workers control,' 'a voice in management,' 'an economic democracy,' 'labor to head the business,' 'wage-workers at the directors' table,' 'the democratization of industry'—verbal coinages, these, in favorite use among a group of stampeders after economic will-o'-the-wisps, a busy tribe not regarded too seriously by American trade unionists accustomed to deal with stubborn facts and non-theoretical conditions. Behind these phrases is screened a big idea—a compound of syndicalism, Socialism, and that sociological laboratory product, guildism."

And then he outlines painstakingly some of the managing functions in an industrial business in which the workers would have no desire to participate. He states these as forty-three different items under six general heads. As subjects in which the worker has a right to have a voice, he gives twenty-eight items under five general heads. I am sorry there is not space to quote this matter in full because it is such a complete answer to those who want the workers to participate in management.

However, "Industrial Democracy" was not the only topic discussed by Mr. Abbott in his excellent address before the American Mining Congress. He pointed to the shop committee plan of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company as "the line along which is to be found the most hope to-day for peaceful co-operation in industry."

I ask: Did he realize that he was addressing an organization which includes the coal operators of the United States? And did he realize that, in the coal industry, labor is at least ninety per cent, and in some territories one hundred per cent, organized in the United Mine Workers of America, and that, therefore, it would not look with any favor upon the Pennsylvania plan, which it denounces as a union organized and controlled by the employers? In other words, did Mr. Abbott realize that, if his advice were taken by the coal operators whom he was addressing, they would refuse to deal with the United Mine Workers of America but would insist upon an organization created by the operators which, it

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would follow, would have no relation with the trade-union movement?

In referring to this matter, I do not mean to pass upon the merits of the bitter controversy between the trade unions and the so-called "employers' unions." Each side of that controversy can present a very strong case. After twenty years' experience in dealing with industrial questions, I think that if I were an employer I would prefer the "employers' unions" and if I were a worker I would prefer the trade-union side of that controversy.

I am, however, referring only to Mr. Abbott's suggestion, which, if carried to its logical conclusion, would seem to mean that the United Mine Workers of America, a body having the anthracite fields so completely organized as to be able to shut them all down in twenty-four hours and make it impossible for the operators to reopen them, should dissolve its organization and its members should join an organization formed by the Anthracite Coal Operators' Association.

Of course, that would not be a very helpful suggestion at this stage of the controversy now going on at Atlantic City between the Anthracite Coal Operators' Association and the United Mine Workers of America. But, while I do not think Mr. Abbott's suggestion is helpful, I cannot see that anything more helpful is furnished by the platform of the American Mining Congress, an organization made up of "practical, hard-headed" coal operators, from which he quotes as follows:

"Future peace of industry will not be found in 'organized employers' and 'organized employees' that are created to fight each other. This has been tried for half a century and failed.

"There is a common ground upon which every employer and employee can meet, and this common ground is born of confidence, and sustained through a recognition of interdependence.

"The mining industry needs the regenerating influence of reciprocal relations between employer and employee. There is no other road to permanent industrial peace."

The most that can be said of those paragraphs is that they are beautiful in spirit and academic in character but utterly worthless as a working proposition in this every-day world.

Sincerely yours,

RALPH M. EASLEY.

No. 1 Madison Avenue, N. Y.

Using this letter as a text, a complete historical treatise on labor and industry might be written. Of course that is impossible in a newspaper article, but as outlines are now fashionable things in historical surveys, an outline of the so-called labor movement might be drawn somewhat as follows:

The original man was an extreme individualist. He hunted and labored for himself and for his female mate and cubs, and his hand was turned against every other man whose interests conflicted with his. Then came the family. A good picture of the family industrial system is given in the legend or history of Jacob in the Old Testament. Jacob, it will be remembered, worked for seven years, and his wages was a wife. And Jacob was not satisfied. He seems to have been one of the first men recorded in history as dissatisfied with the wages system.

Then came the tribe, in which form of industry the tribal head managed everything and everybody for the benefit of the tribe. Out of the tribe grew the nation, in which the industry of the individual, or of the family, or of the tribe, was federated. The intellectually or physically strong were in command. Feudalism was not only a political system, it was an industrial system.

It was only a very little while ago in the history of the world that the industrial system under which we live came into being. It owed its origin to the steam-engine, and is called—or ought to be called—the factory system. The factory system is not much more than a hundred years old. Out of the factory system there came to be developed a long line of captains of industry or capitalistic kings—the reader will use whichever term best suits his sympathies. The great army of workers, which was organized or which grew up naturally under the factory system and was commanded, clothed, fed, court-martialed, put in the guard-house, exactly like the soldiers of a political army, by the captains of industry or the capitalistic kings, hit upon the idea of the trade union, an organization of mutual benefit and self-protection. The reader who wants to understand the origin of the trade union can perhaps do no better than to turn to two novels of Charles Reade's, "Foul Play" and "Put Yourself in His Place."

It is not much more satisfactory to discuss the question whether the outrages of the trade union produce the hard-hearted selfishness of the capitalists, or whether the hard-hearted selfishness of the capitalists produces the outrages of the trade union, than it is to discuss the old riddle as to which came first, the hen or the egg. It is a fact, however, that the human abuses of the early days of the factory system in England apparently hardened everybody's heart, and industry in English-speaking countries gradually, by process of natural evolution, became a state of warfare in which fighting, either physical or argumentative, was the normal condition, with occasional periods of temporary truce. And that is where we are to-day in industry, exactly as we are in international political relations. Can some more reasonable and more efficient system of human relations in industry be found? I think it is possible. Mr. Easley evidently thinks it is impossible.

The reason I think some more efficient industrial system will be found is because it is actually already being found. Arbitration, judicial procedure, and conferences through elective representatives are actually being substituted for strikes, exactly as some visionaries, "beautiful in spirit and academic in character" (to use Mr. Easley's phrase), are struggling to see if they cannot be introduced into international political relations.

Now let me say that I am not attacking the trade union. The trade union, in spite of its extravagances, its unreason, and its acts of violence, has done more than any other one factor to improve the physical and, therefore, the mental and moral condition of the hand worker. It has done this either directly by its own power or indirectly by calling attention to abuses and to conditions, and thus getting public opinion back of law enactments. Those employers who use the term "open shop" simply for the sake of creating what is really a closed shop against the organization of hand workers are in a very real sense enemies of society. Where the shop committee plan is a subterfuge to destroy the power of the hand worker to organize in self-protection I am no advocate of it. Where the shop committee plan is an honest attempt of men and managers to get together on a basis of mutual justice I believe it to be the most hopeful indication of the practical evolution of industrial democracy.

By a curious coincidence, there was laid on my table the very day that Mr. Easley's letter was received an article from the "Iron Age" of June 14 describing the operation of the shop committee plan in the great Bethlehem steel works. It is written by Mr. John Calder, an industrial engineer of experience and standing, but not connected in any way with the Bethlehem Steel Corporation.

In five years under the shop committee plan 2,365 cases in controversy between the men and the management

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have been decided in the four original plants of this great Steel Corporation. Of these cases 1,682 were decided in favor of the men, 330 in favor of the management, 103 were withdrawn by the employees, 201 were compromised, and 49 are still pending. *Not a strike was necessary in settling these controversies.* The italics are mine. Of these cases 1,182, or one-half of all the controversial matters, concerned the workers' economic interests. Wages, piece-work, bonus, and tonnage schedules were the subjects of 570 cases harmoniously settled. If this isn't having a voice in management, I don't know what management is. Mr. Calder's comment is: "Rome was not built in a day; neither was the Bethlehem plan 'sold' to the corporation's employees by a few fine gestures. Nevertheless it has been thoroughly sold to 70,000 workers who remember the old days of 'catch 'em young, treat 'em rough, and tell 'em nothing.'"

My reply to Mr. Easley is that if this has been done with 70,000 men in the steel industry it is at least conceivable that it might be done with 700,000 men in the coal industry. But I admit that the idea must be thoroughly "sold" to the operators as well as to the men before it will work.

If the principles of industry enunciated by the American Mining Congress are in truth, as Mr. Easley asserts, "utterly worthless as a working proposition in this every-day world," then we shall have to go on fighting upon the present principle of grab all you can and keep all you grab until some great catastrophe like that which has overwhelmed Russia engulfs both capital and labor in a common ruin.

VILLA IS DEAD; "VIVA VILLA!"

BY GREGORY MASON

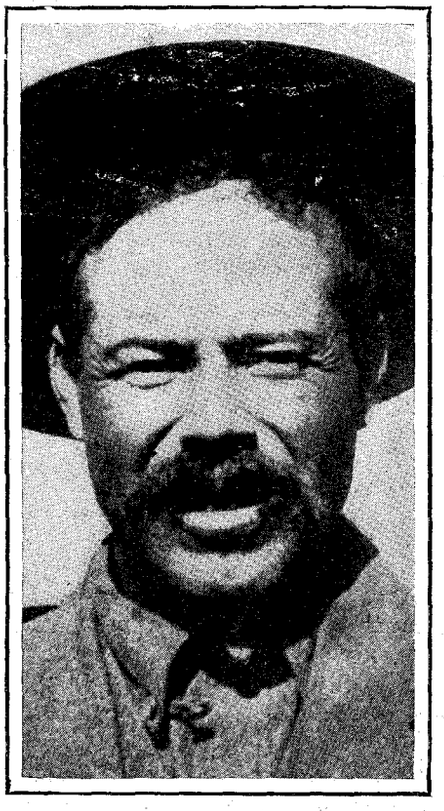
FORMERLY STAFF CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK IN MEXICO

FRANCISCO VILLA died as he lived—by violence. As he was motoring into the town of Parral, Chihuahua, to get supplies for his *hacienda* at Canutillo, Durango, he and his secretary (Colonel Trillo), his chauffeur, and his two bodyguards were fired upon from ambush and riddled with bullets before they could draw their guns. The picturesque mountain chieftain was the victim of just such an ambuscade as he had directed against his enemies a hundred times.

The grim justice of Villa's end is only enhanced by the fact that he himself had for three years been living the life of a peaceful farmer. It is written that they who live by the sword must die by the sword, and during most of Villa's fifty-odd years of life he had lived by the sword—that is, by six-shooter, repeating rifle, machine gun, and field artillery. But at last some one "beat Villa to the draw." One wonders if the price of those last three years of peaceful living was not the slowing up of that darting eye, that lightning hand? Is it one lesson of Villa's death that it is perilous for the bandit to turn country gentleman? From the height of that secure old saddle of his might he not have seen his intended assassins in time, might he not have escaped death just once more, had he trusted the instinct of the mountain rover and refused to ride in one of those machine inventions of civilization which he long ago scornfully dubbed *"las cucarachas"* ("cockroaches")?

As this goes to press Villa's murderers have not been caught, and very likely the public will never know their names. The rumor is quite plausible, of course, that the former Commander of the Division of the North was killed by private feudists—men whose fathers or brothers or mothers or sisters had been the victims of some piece of the ruthlessness of Villa, the guerrilla fighter, which Villa, the rancher, perhaps had even forgotten.

But the theory is equally plausible that Villa was the victim of a political plot. No man can spend most of his life as bandit, dictator, and bandit again without yearning occasionally for that atmosphere of action which was the very breath of his earlier years. Mexican political circles are already growing excited over the prospects for the next Presidential election, and it is said that Villa was disposed to use his tremendous influence, if necessary, to bring about the election of some one whose policies and personality he regarded with sympathy. Adolfo de la Huerta, Minister of Finance, and Raoul Madero, younger brother of the martyred President, Francisco Madero, are the two candidates Villa is supposed to have favored, and the latter in particular. Certain rival candidates are said to have shivered in their boots at the prospect of hearing the desert ring again with that old but almost deathless cry of "Viva Madero!" It is believed Raoul Madero will have little chance of winning the "election" without the support of Villa, whose popularity has always been great among the *peones* of northern Mexico, who sheltered the fugitive bandit for years when there was a price on his head which would have meant affluence and luxury to any of them.



PANCHO VILLA IN HIS BANDIT DAYS

All this is the veriest speculation of course, but thinner speculation than this has been the death of many a Mexican.

The life of Pancho Villa would make excellent reading. He was perhaps the most picturesque character ever produced in a country where the commonplace is the rare thing and the fantastic is the commonplace. A year ago he announced that he had been writing his memoirs, but that he would keep them for his children. This was given out with the boast that he had declined for that narrative an offer of $50,000 gold made by an American publisher. In so doing he evinced the dislike he had nursed for "those devils, the *gringos*," ever since Uncle Sam had "double-crossed" him—as he maintained—by officially recognizing the Government of Villa's rival, Carranza, at a time when Carranza's prestige was nearly extinguished in Mexico.

Villa is generally regarded in the United States as the perpetrator of that spectacular night raid on Columbus, New Mexico, which resulted in the despatch of the Pershing Punitive

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Expedition at an ultimate cost of $100,000,000. But Villa's responsibility for that raid has never been proved, and of course to the last he stoutly denied that it was his doing. On the other hand, he loved to boast of most of his *"panchovilladas,"* as the Mexicans liked to call his martial exploits. From the point of view of the sheer picturesque, the most remarkable of these was Villa's feat in capturing the heavily garrisoned city of Chihuahua on the national holiday of September 16, 1916. Several days in advance Villa widely advertised that he would capture Chihuahua to exhibit the weakness of the Mexican Government. Disguised as civilians, he and a mere handful of his "Golden Ones" entered the State capital on the appointed day and captured it, as Don Pancho had promised.

Uncouth and often cruel as he was, there was yet about this *peon,* whose real name has never been determined, a crude, captivating humor and a deep personal magnetism which made Villa loved by many who did not countenance the bloody deeds which made his name a terror to his enemies. It is significant that most of the American correspondents who met Villa succumbed to his genial magnetism and wrote as kindly of the man as their consciences would let them.

Legend has played lightly with the name of Francisco Villa, and probably legend is not done yet. For men will ever like cunning when it is mixed with blunt bravado; they will ever forgive cruelty in their admiration for courage.

THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR AT WASHINGTON

CORRESPONDENCE FROM LONDON

BY J. D. WHELPLEY

THE British Government is again faced with the troublesome matter of selecting a man for the position of British Ambassador to the United States. Had Sir Auckland C. Geddes remained in good health, there would have been no change until he wished to retire, but it has been evident for some time that for his own sake his retirement was urgently necessary. When the present Prime Minister, Mr. Stanley Baldwin, came to the formation of his Cabinet, it was desirable, from a political point of view, that some recognition be given to Mr. Austen Chamberlain and his personal following. For various reasons he was not wanted in the Cabinet, and he was offered the diplomatic post at Washington. This he promptly declined, also for political reasons, as he did not want to be removed from the field of active politics at home. Since this offer became public knowledge no intimation has been given by the Foreign Office as to the name of any one else under consideration, though it may now be only a matter of days before the decision of the Government is made known.

The British effort during the past twenty-five years to find just the right men for the now important post of diplomatic representative to the United States is an interesting phase of British-American relations during that period. The British mission to Washington was raised to the rank of an Embassy in 1893, during the incumbency of Lord Pauncefote; the American mission to London was simultaneously put on the same basis, and Thomas F. Bayard was appointed American Ambassador by President Cleveland. For some years before this event the British Government had rather slighted the Washington post, and it was not a position eagerly sought by ambitious members of the British diplomatic service.

To be sent to Washington was regarded as something in the nature of an exile by those who had achieved eminence, and life in the capitals of Europe was considered, with very good reason from their point of view, as infinitely to be preferred. The amenities of Washington society were not looked upon as equal to those of Paris, Rome, Vienna, Berlin, or Madrid, and in any one of those places there was opportunity for diplomatic accomplishment which would result in personal advancement, a feature then almost entirely lacking in the Washington position. The prominence given to Washington affairs when Lord Pauncefote was Minister, the rewards which came to him, and the raising of the Mission to an Embassy changed this point of view. There was some surprise and some jealousy felt at this sudden development, of which the incumbent had taken prompt advantage, and as a result of which he had received a reward aspired to by many men more prominent and with greater experience in the service. From that time on there was no lack of candidates, and the British Government began to give more serious consideration to the matter of selecting a man to fill the place.

A very interesting series of experiments resulted, some successful and others not so happy in the outcome. Personality, adroitness, and adaptability were now required, to say nothing of the need to meet the conditions of an environment like that of no other capital of an important country. Apparently there were few men available for the position, as it was in one sense an unknown field of operation. It was suggested to the British Government that Americans would be impressed and more or less pleased to have stationed at their capital a member of the real aristocracy of Great Britain, and the suggestion was adopted. The Hon. Sir Michael H. Herbert was sent to pay his respects to the President of the United States in the capacity of British Ambassador. The pay of the position was large and the entertainment fund liberal. No happier choice of that character could have been made, and but for the trag-

They said it couldn't be done
But these men did it.
Sherman Rogers

WHAT IT WAS THAT COULDN'T BE DONE AND WHO DID IT WILL APPEAR IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE OF THE OUTLOOK

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edy of ill health which cut short his diplomatic career Sir Michael would probably have remained long at his post.

He was succeeded by Sir Henry Mortimer Durand, who served in Washington about four years. This was an uneventful period, and no opportunity apparently presented itself for unusually distinguished service. In 1907 the question again arose as to who should be sent to Washington. President Roosevelt was then in the White House, and the situation was complicated, for the British Foreign Office recognized that the President was a man of strong likes and dislikes, and it was desired to send some one who would command his personal friendship. By this time the British Government had begun to realize more clearly the truly democratic character of the American Government, the American people, and to a large degree Washington society.

There was also another reason why it was desirable to send a man to Washington whose character and attainments would bring to him the personal as well as the official friendship of President Roosevelt. The power of Germany was then growing throughout the world, and especially valuable were Germany's relations and influence in America. Baron Speck von Sternberg, the German Ambassador, was a close personal friend of the President, and in fact owed his position to that friendship, which had been formed in previous years when Theodore Roosevelt was Assistant Secretary of the Navy and Sternberg was on the staff of the German Ambassador in Washington in a subordinate position.

Sternberg was later appointed German Consul-General at Cairo, and while there wrote to Colonel Roosevelt when the latter became President and asked him to forward his interests with the German Emperor if opportunity presented. President Roosevelt wrote to Mr. Charlemagne Tower, then American Ambassador at Berlin, asking him to say a good word for "Specky," the nickname by which Sternberg was known, if he had an opportunity. Mr. Tower so presented the matter to the German Emperor as to give the impression that it would please the President to have Sternberg appointed Ambassador to Washington. Whether this arose from excess of zeal on the part of Mr. Tower or a misunderstanding on the part of the Emperor is an open question, but no man was more surprised than the President himself when Sternberg was appointed German Ambassador to Washington over the heads of many others in the German diplomatic service; in fact, he expressed considerable indignation at what he conceived to be an attempt to influence him by appointing his personal friends to high positions at Washington. Sternberg was accepted by the American Government, however, and on his arrival in Washington resumed his personal friendship with the Roosevelt family. He was a charming and brave-hearted man, and served his country well until he went to his death after years of terrible suffering from a lingering and incurable disease.

The British Government was well aware of the personal relations of the German Ambassador to the White House, and in selecting a man for Washington wanted to find some one who would be able to at least partially overcome the apparent advantage then held by Germany. It was finally decided that Mr. James Bryce would make the required appeal to the Nation, and to the White House in particular. Mr. Bryce was well known in the United States as the author of "The American Commonwealth," an authoritative work on America remarkable for its merits. He was also a man of democratic habits, a lover of outdoors, a mountain climber and explorer, and apparently in every way a man who would make instant appeal to such a man as Theodore Roosevelt.

So Mr. Bryce went to Washington as British Ambassador in 1907, and remained until 1912. In that time he became personally well known throughout the United States, and no more popular visitor from a foreign land ever enjoyed such American hospitality as was extended to this man of simple but charming manners and profound learning, held so modestly. He performed his duties with ability over a wide range. He even went further than precedent had opened the road in trying to bring the United States and Canada into closer relations. In fact, so great were his activities in that direction that he was dubbed "the Unofficial American Ambassador to Canada." On his return to England in 1912 he was made a Viscount in recognition of his services to the cause of British-American amity.

With all this, by some strange freak of fortune or personality on one side or the other, he never achieved any degree of personal friendship with President Roosevelt. He antagonized the President from the very beginning, and the President, being a man of strong likes and dislikes and given to expressing them at times with undiplomatic vigor, furnished the keynote as to the personal standing of Mr. Bryce with the Cabinet. It is probable that Mr. Bryce, being a man of keen sensibilities, was well aware of the atmosphere he found himself in, for it continued until he left Washington.

It did not affect his usefulness to his Government, nor was this personal dislike exercised against him in connection with any affairs of state, for it is a fact even yet to be fully realized by European Foreign Offices that to send a diplomat to Washington with the idea that he can influence affairs to the interest of his country by his personal charms or by close friendships with those in high position is to ask for complete disappointment. In fact, this very episode yields an example, for the German Ambassador was at that time an intimate of the entire Roosevelt family, but there is no evidence or record of any kind to the effect that the interests of the German Empire were advanced a fraction thereby.

Following Mr. Bryce came Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, whose administration, even though it extended into the period of the Great War, was uneventful so far as he himself was concerned. Ill health was his portion, and when times of unusual stress arrived the burden was taken from his shoulders by special envoys. The first of these was Sir William Tyrrell, of the British Foreign Office, who was practically Acting Ambassador for a short time. The special missions of Lord Reading and Earl Grey are part of the history of the war, and it was not until 1920 that the British Government was again called upon to find a suitable man for the post, and as a result appointed Sir Auckland Geddes.

This appointment marked, among other things, a return to power of the British Foreign Office, whose activities had been circumscribed during the war and later during the continued Premiership of Mr. Lloyd George, owing to the greater control of those activities in detail which had been absorbed by the Prime Minister and the Cabinet as a whole. The Foreign Office is now rapidly coming back to its own under the administration of Lord Curzon, and once more it becomes the most important, the most mysterious, and most exclusive department of the British Government. It holds itself as distinct from all other departments of the Government and acknowledges no responsibility except to the Prime Minister himself. The importance of the British Foreign Office and its immense responsibility are due to the vastness and political complexity of the British Empire. It concerns itself with the affairs of every country in the world, for the simple reason that practically nothing can happen anywhere in the world that is not of vital interest to British citizens or Imperial interests one way or another. It will be the British Foreign Office which will select the next British Ambassador to Washington.

London, 1923.

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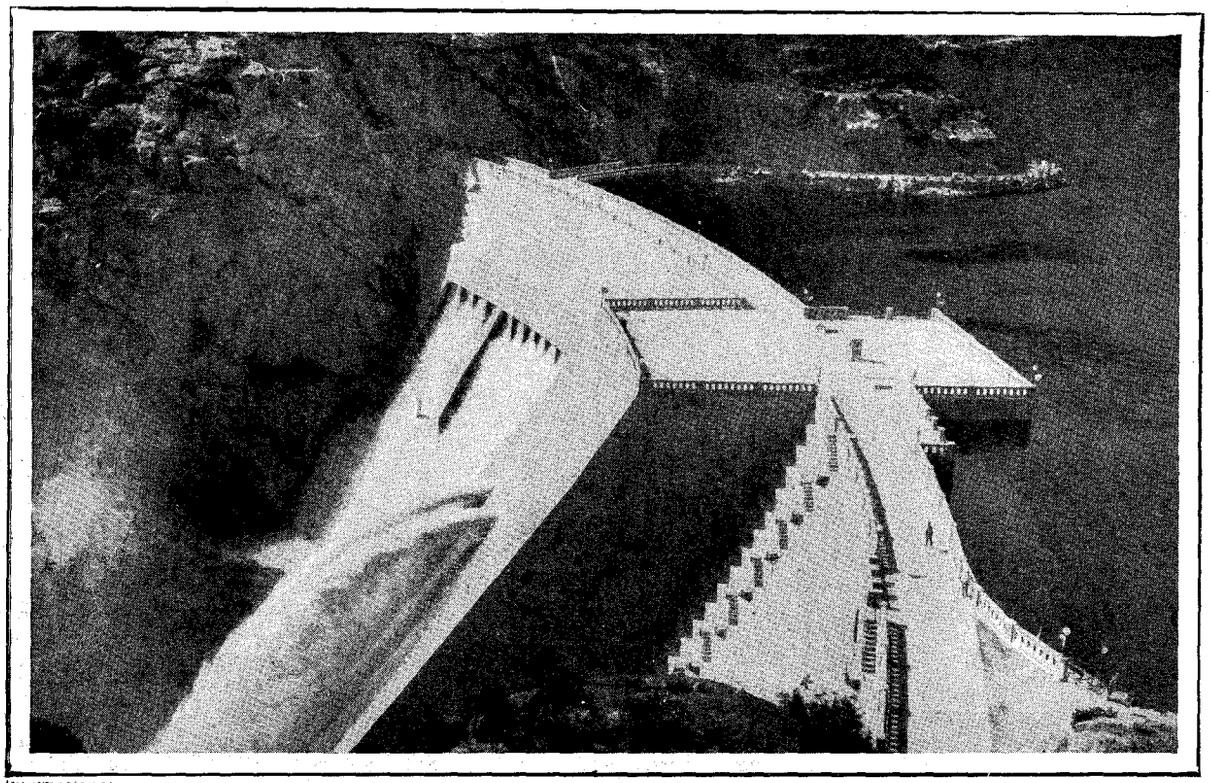
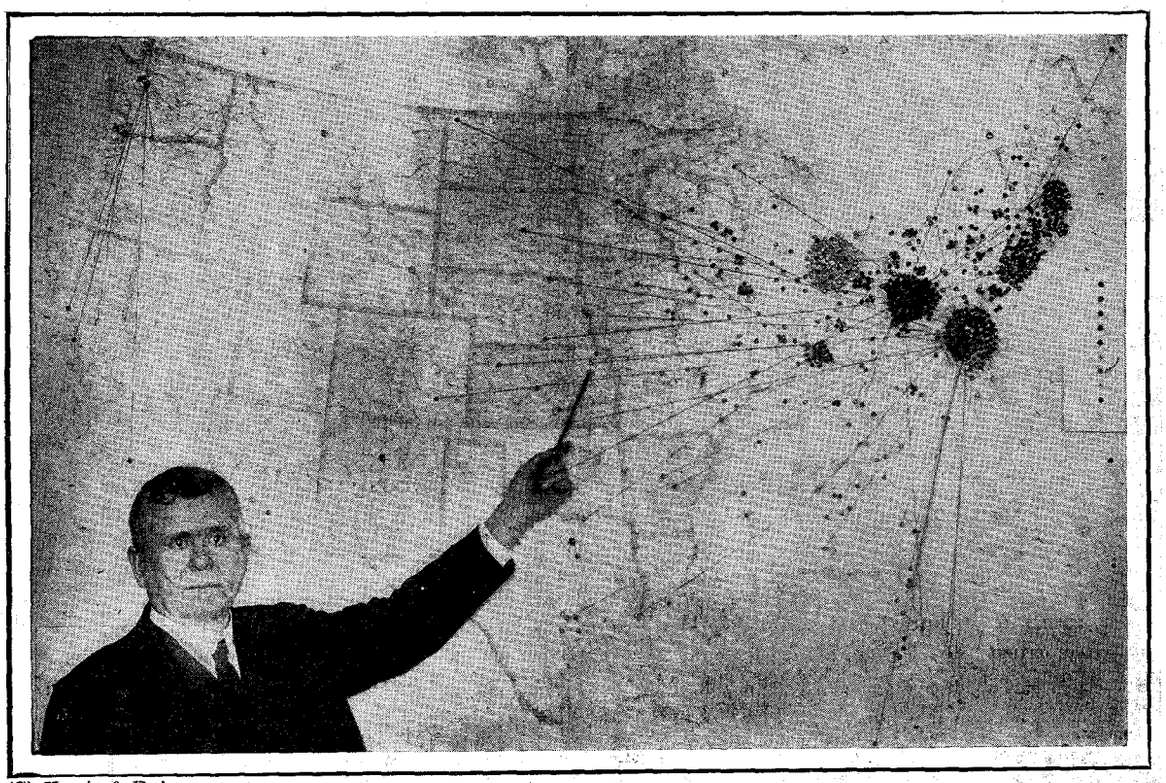


International

Behind this dam lies the drowned valley of Hetch-Hetchy, sacrificed to save the parched throats of San Francisco. Though the dam is finished, the aqueduct to San Francisco is yet to be built. The chief fluid that this dam will supply for the present is electric. The history of Hetch-Hetchy should be recalled whenever a project arises to "utilize" our National Parks



(©) Harris & Ewing

This is Dr. B. J. Lloyd, of the United States Public Health Service, who checks up on the accuracy of radio health talks. The pins on the chart show something of the territory covered by the Health Service, in which the Government co-operates

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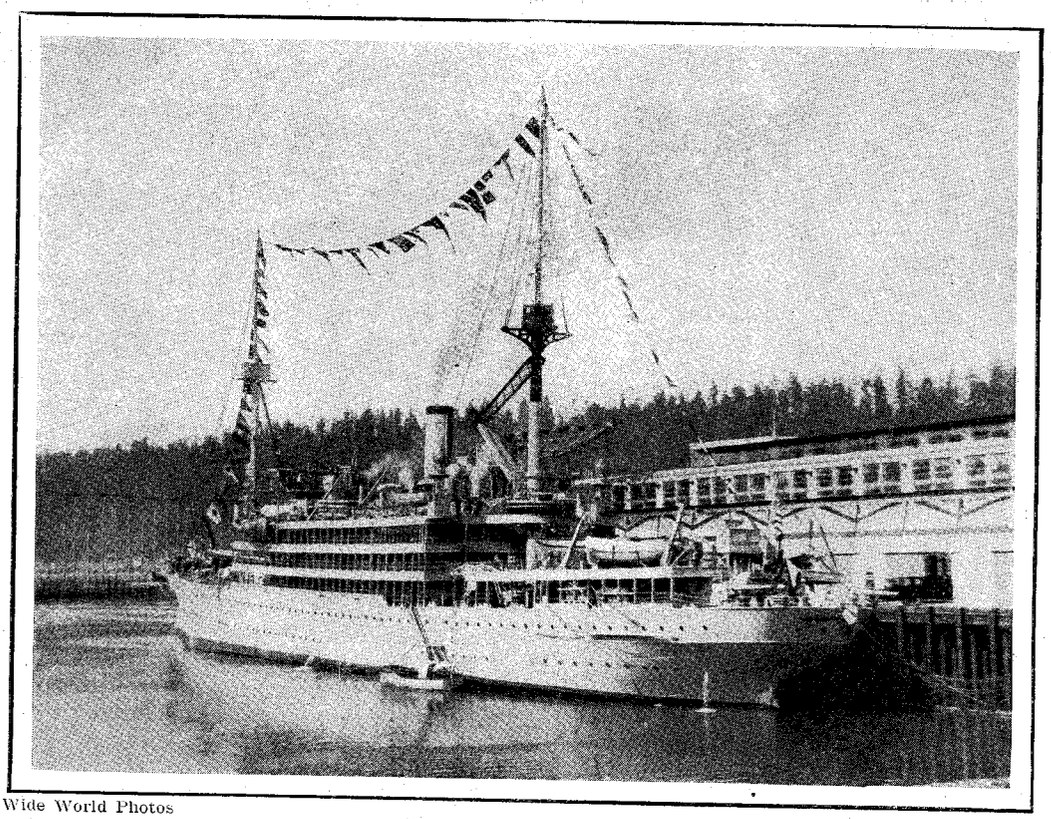
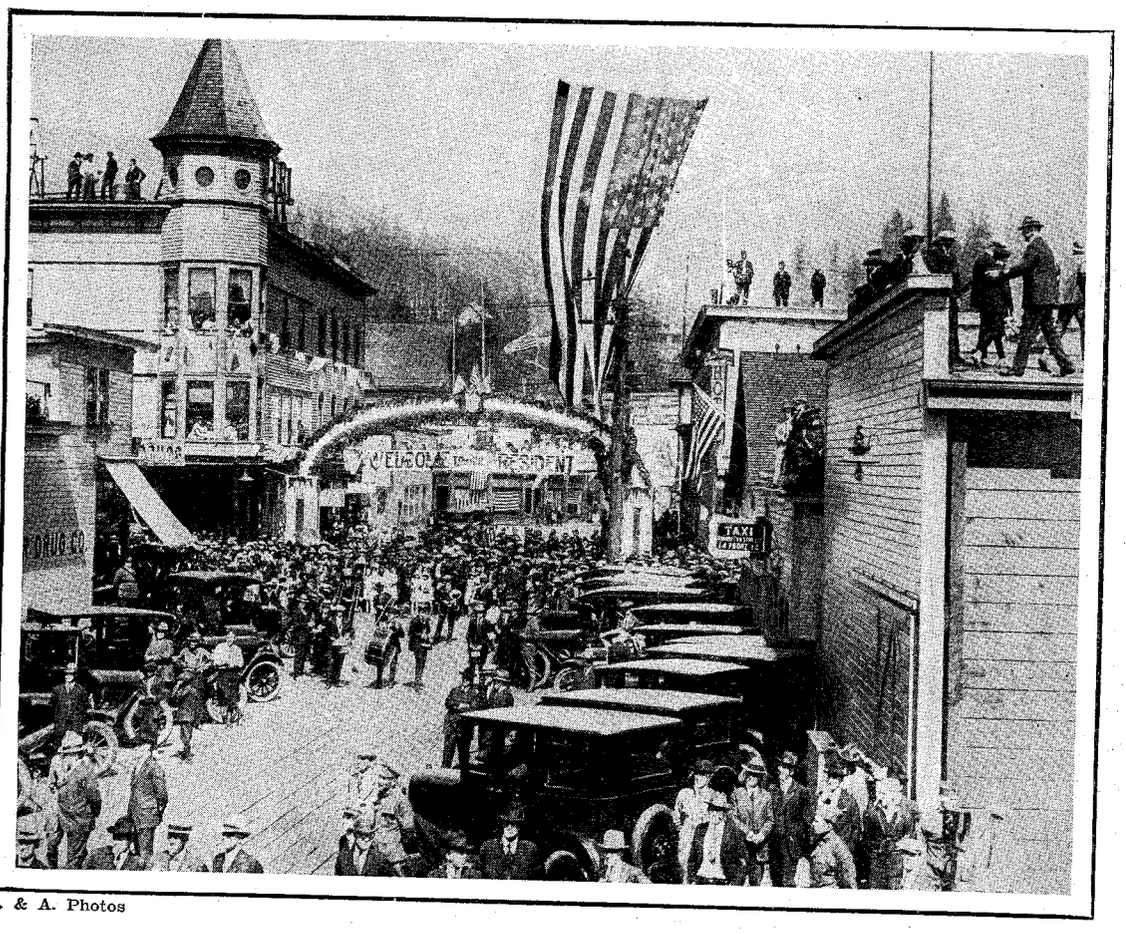
THE PRESIDENTIAL PROGRESS



The United States S.S. Henderson, which carried President Harding and his party on their journey to Alaska for the purpose of looking over the most northern Territory of the United States

Wide World Photos



This scene, taken from the Henderson just after its arrival in Alaska with the Presidential party aboard, shows Market Street, Ketchikan, with the street and houses decorated in honor of the President's arrival

P. & A. Photos

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ART THAT BLOOMS AT THE DESERT'S RIM

BY ROSE HENDERSON

TWENTY-FIVE years ago two young painters, Bert G. Phillips and E. L. Blumenschein, were traveling through the Southwest in a covered wagon and came upon the ancient Spanish-Indian town of Taos, New Mexico, lying in the Rio Grande Valley beneath the Sangre de Cristo Mountains. Desert plains glowed beyond the narrow strip of irrigated land to the west, blue shadows lay under the cottonwoods along the brown-walled streets of the town, and the mountains flamed crimson in the sunset. The Taos Indians were gathering their crops of beans and maize, and dancing their picturesque harvest dances.

Two miles north of the white man's town of Taos towered the two great Indian pueblos, or community houses, of adobe, as primitive as when the Spaniards discovered them over three centuries before. The air was dry and invigorating and the sky the bluest of turquoise. Waterfalls plunged through pine-scented canyons and white-trunked aspens grew along mountain trails. The scenery, in short, was such as to make a painter's fingers itch to catch some of it on canvas.

Phillips and Blumenschein, just out of Paris art schools, were fascinated by the prospect. They sold their horses and camping outfit, and settled down to paint. And they soon discovered other features aside from the unique beauty of the place. Here in the isolated valley at the edge of the desert many of the lawless characters of the old Wild West still lingered. It was the last rendezvous for the Southwest "bad man." Thirty-five miles from a railway, before the days of motor stages, the little town drowsed indolently in the desert sunshine, and under its sleepy exterior harbored a cutthroat gang that had intimidated the few respectable citizens and gained control of community affairs. Gambling was a chief diversion and shooting a common occurrence. Men slept behind barred windows and bolted doors, with their guns conveniently near. It was not safe to go to the post office alone after dark.

The charm of the country grew upon the painters, however, especially Phillips, who was willing to undergo the hardships of frontier life for the sake of the fresh, colorful world that glowed before his palette. He had never before seen such brilliant lights and colors or such a variety of things that he wanted to paint.

There were the Pueblo Indians with their picturesque native dress and traditions; lithe, stalwart figures in beaded moccasins, red head-bands, and flowing blankets, they were strong and brown and primitive, like their ancient adobe houses. There were the mesas, the deserts, the canyons, as well as the old town with its grassy plaza, its narrow streets, its mission churches and gnarled orchards of apple and pear and peach planted by the early Franciscan friars.

In the fall Blumenschein decided to go on to Mexico, but Phillips said he would stay in Taos until Christmas, and then perhaps join his friend farther south. He was very busy that autumn, painting, writing, making friends with the Indians, and feeling out the sentiment of the better citizens of the town. And when Christmas came he was not ready to leave. Instead, he was more anxious than ever to stay on. And he had made up his mind not to be scared out by a gang of ruffians.

He wrote, urging his friend to return, and began making preparations for a permanent studio. J. H. Sharp, the veteran Indian painter, had visited Taos a year or so before, but had gone on East to where living was a little less strenuous. He now returned and built himself a studio in the old Penitente Church, which served both as workshop and a sanctuary. Blumenschein came back from Mexico, and a little later E. Irving Couse, who had been painting the Oregon Indians, joined the group, and this quartet formed the nucleus for the Taos art colony, of which Phillips had begun to dream.

A year or so after this O. E. Berninghaus came out from St. Louis. And so the colony grew. But, while the other men usually went away for the winter, Phillips stayed the year round, and it was largely due to his enthusiasm and perseverance that Taos is to-day a recognized art center, with its society of artists sending out annual exhibits to the chief cities of the country, from New York to Los Angeles, and giving frequent exhibitions at the Art Museum at Santa Fé. Accustomed to the comforts and refinements of city life, these artists learned to rough it like cowboys; they made friends with the Indians, and eventually succeeded in cleaning up the town, until to-day it is as peaceful and law-abiding a spot as one could well hope to find.

The Phillips home and studio is one of the most attractive in Taos, which is now becoming famous for its artist homes. Hidden away among rustling cottonwoods, the gray-walled studio is cool and restful and indescribably remote. Passing through the tall wooden gate that shuts away the dusty Taos street, the visitor feels instant and beautiful seclusion. Patches of desert-bright sun lie on the garden

From the Painting by E. Irving Couse.

SAN ILDEFONSO POTTERY

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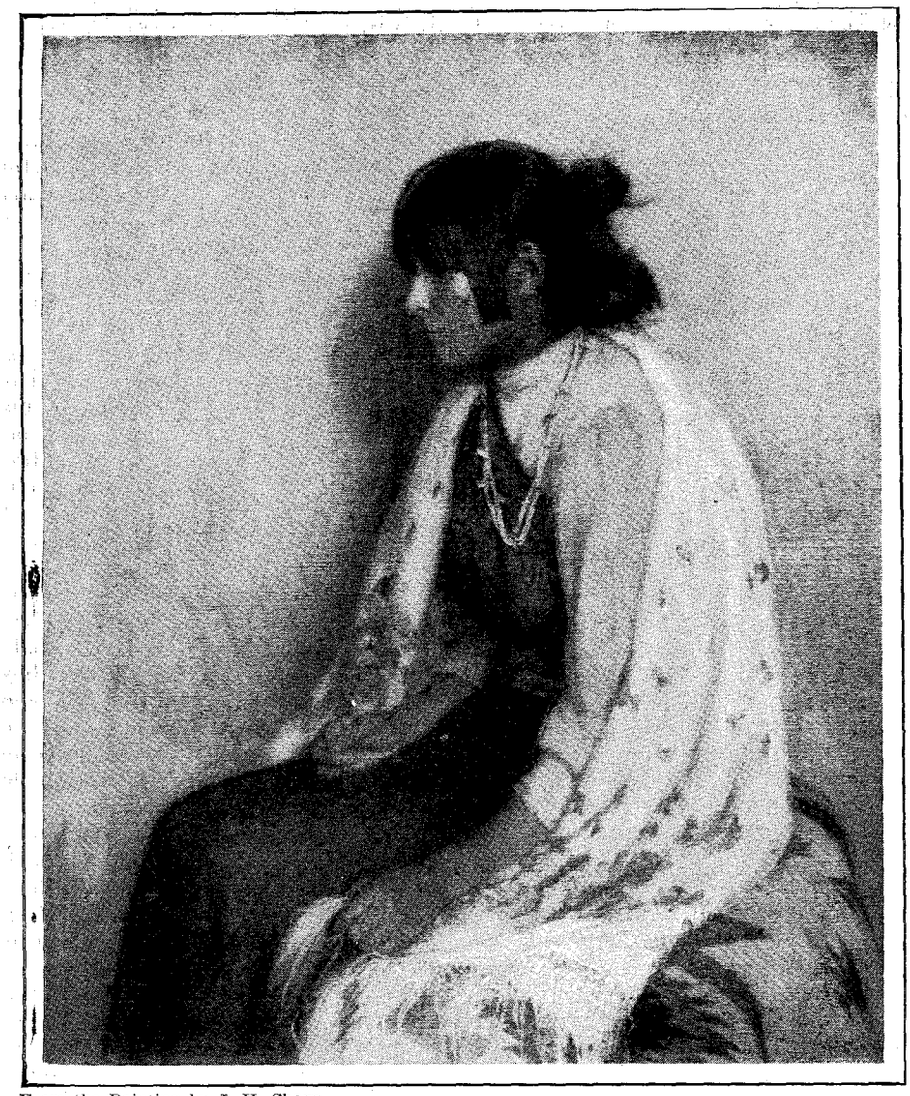

From the Painting by J. H. Sharp

CRUCITA—TAOS ISLAND GIRL

grass. Hollyhocks glow against soft adobe walls. Water trickles, birds flash blue wings through sleepy shadows, and the pinon-scented wind steals in from the near-by canyons.

The fascinating sense of withdrawal pursues one in the long living-room with its books, pictures, and rare old rugs; in the studio with its Indian wall-bed and fireplace, which appear in the background of some of Phillips's best-known paintings. It was the desire for just this high-walled, sunlit seclusion that kept Phillips in the face of all sorts of difficulties when he first came to Taos. He felt that he could do his best work in a retreat like this in the midst of desert and mountains, with the old adobe town outside his door.

Phillips goes East occasionally to visit friends and art exhibits, but he does not paint there. The sunlight seems dull and the shadows gray and cold after the vibrant, high-keyed New Mexico coloring. Besides, though Phillips paints exquisite landscapes, he is most interested in Indian figures, and his work reflects an intimate and sympathetic approach to Indian and Mexican types. In his Taos studio he has none of the distractions that worry a painter in noisy cities. And he can laugh now as he recalls his pioneer experience in his comfortable studio, but at the time it was no laughing matter. Death from quick-shooting fellow-townsmen or from slow starvation because of Eastern indifference to Western art lurked around Taos for the pioneer artist twenty-five years ago.

It is largely through the influence of the art colony that Taos has retained its unique charm while losing its frontier abandon. The town is still Spanish-Indian in architecture and atmosphere. New studios have been put up in the style of the ancient adobes, modified to suit modern convenience. The town is still twenty-five miles from a railway. The nearest route leads from Taos Junction, on the narrow-gauge Denver and Rio Grande. Alighting at this stop in the scrub-pine hills, the traveler finds three evidences of human life: the wooden station that seems something like a large-sized piano box turned on its side, the pleasant-looking cottage where the station agent lives, and the motor stage for Taos. Everything else is scrubby pine woods, yellow-brown sand with sparse grass and gay desert flowers, and empty, sunlit solitude. A tall, weather-beaten man seizes your baggage as you inquire for the Taos stage, and while packing you in between mail-bags and boxes of freight he tells you that you really ought to have wired the Junction that you were coming, as there are sometimes too many stage passengers for one car.

Off across a descending plateau the car speeds by a trail that is sometimes all but lost in the dun sand and the gray-green pinon. Not a house or a sign of life for miles at a time. Then, perhaps, some Mexican wood-haulers or a lonely adobe hut as the road winds down to the canyon. Five miles of canyon trail take you to a level plateau just west of Taos. But such a hair-raising route as you follow in that five miles of canyon going! Down, down, you drop, the road clinging to the edge of the cliffs in a narrow shelf just wide enough for the stage. The cliffs tower higher and higher, the river roars louder, and, though the sun is still shining brightly, there are twilight shadows down among the canyon rocks and pines. Up again, around the shelving road, with the water gurgling fainter, you rise above the tops of the tall pines growing below the sheer drop just beyond the outside wheels.

Even the driver sighs with relief as he strikes the level road again, and he has been making the canyon trip twice a day for twenty years. Every bit of freight for Taos must be hauled the twenty-five miles from the Junction. Pictures sent out and art supplies brought in must travel the precarious canyon route. In winter, when the ice is on, the road is really dangerous, the driver observes. It seems a bit wild at any time to the tenderfoot who is making his first journey over it, but the artists do not seem to mind the tortuous trail.

A dozen or more painters now have permanent homes in Taos, and dozens more visit the town for a part of the year. The Taos Society of Artists has made an enviable name for itself, and has carried to thousands of Easterners glowing glimpses of New Mexico's purple mesas and yellow plains. The group is made up of independent, highly individual workers, and does not represent any particular school or theory of art. Extreme modernists as well as conservative academicians find Taos alluring.

E. Irving Couse, N.A., is widely known for his Indian paintings, which are distributed all the way from the

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Metropolitan Museum to the Pacific coast. He has made a charming studio and summer home out of an old Spanish convent that was once owned by Kit Carson. The adobe walls are deep and cool, the *patio* porch is curtained with vines, and a mission bell in an open belfry over the arched Spanish doorway announces the arrival of visitors just as it did in the old convent days. Heavy plank shutters and doors recall the pioneer period when it was wise to bolt these protecting barriers at nightfall. From an ancient stone bench on the open porch you may view the valley and mountains stretching away for miles, and on evenings in late summer you may find a wood fire blazing in the Mexican fireplace, as the nights are always cool at Taos on account of the high altitude.

The studio of J. H. Sharp is just across the *patio* in another wing of the convent, and here the visitor is shown one of the finest collections of Indian products outside a museum. There are stacks of gorgeous blankets, bags, dresses, moccasins, basketry, and implements. Many are rare and valuable specimens. There are squaw dresses bordered in exquisite embroideries and worth hundreds of dollars. A bride's gown is made of cotton that was manufactured from the Indians' own product before the coming of the Spaniards. What is probably the only genuine buffalo-skin teepee outside a museum is a treasure of Mr. Sharp's collection. Pitched in his *patio* garden, it provides an appropriate background for Indian models.

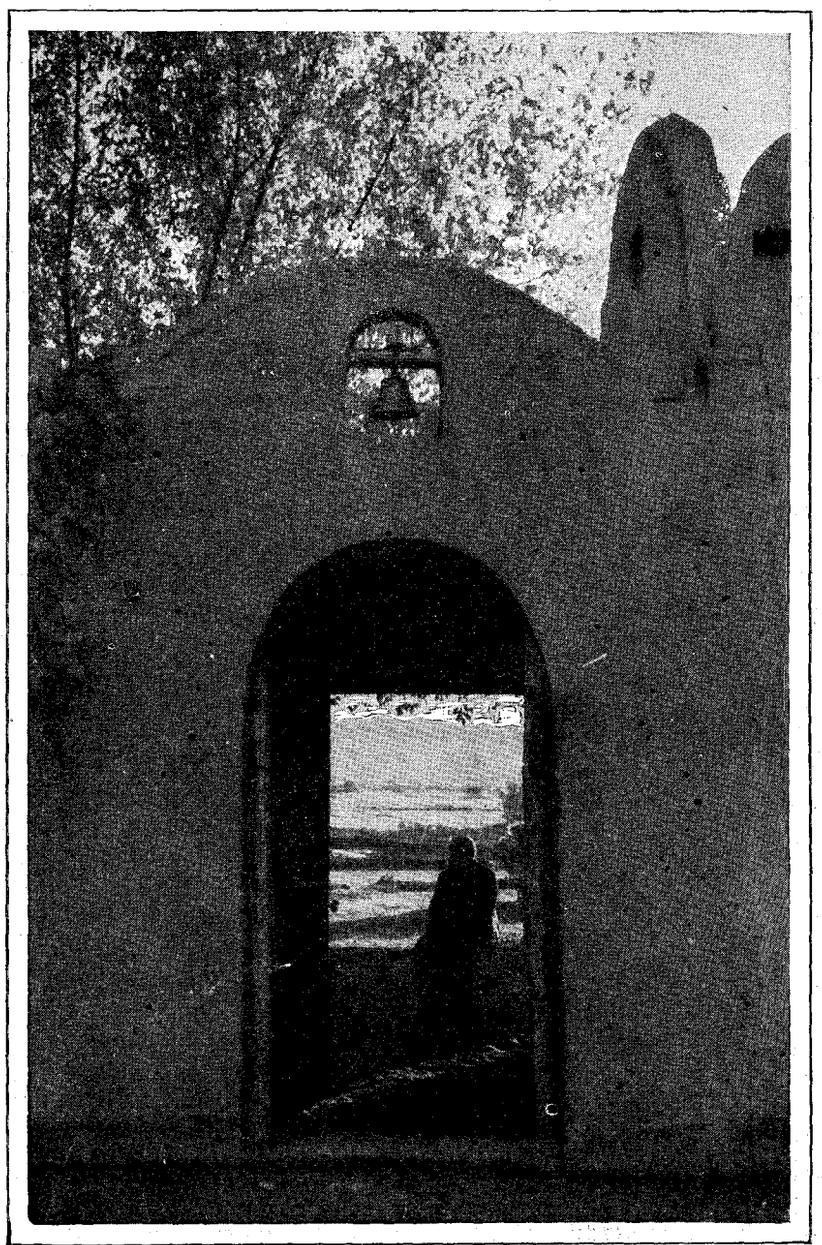
Sharp pays the penalty for being one of the most successful and prolific of Indian painters. He likes to paint landscapes occasionally, but he says that nobody will buy a picture of his "unless it has one of those darned Indians in it somewhere." The artist's eyes twinkle as he tells you this. He doesn't seem to be worrying about the landscapes. He shows you an exquisite thing full of desert sky and sunshine. "Just clouds and sage," he observes. It is golden, feathery, and alluring, a poem in line and color, speaking the beauty and freedom of wind-swept hills.

O. E. Berninghaus, another of the pioneers, paints cow ponies with the discerning eye of a connoisseur. Horses seem to him characteristic of Western life, and he makes them "belong" in his landscapes. He has a fine new studio-home at the west edge of town and spends much time at Taos. Herbert Dunton, the cowboy artist, who has done hundreds of illustrations for Western stories, is known as well for his Southwest paintings. He punched cattle over the plains from Wyoming to Mexico, and so knows the old West of the open ranges. He lived in New York City in the early part of his art career and did many illustrations for O. Henry's stories.

"You can't paint cowboys," says Dunton, "unless you know how to throw a rope and hog a calf." O. Henry, he declares, was "a regular guy" and knew the West intimately before he tried to write about it.

All of the Taos artists have realized the need for intimate, first-hand contact with the locality in order to reflect more than surface observations. They have delved into the history of the Southwest, studied Indian life and customs, and absorbed the peculiar qualities of the place and the people. They have given the town a cosmopolitan air, in spite of its primitive aspects. If you attend a masked ball in one of the spacious Taos studios, the frontier life that Phillips and Sharp and Blumenschein encountered a quarter of a century ago seems ages remote. But if you linger around the Indian pueblos, watch the bread baking in primitive clay ovens outside the door, see the blanketed women climbing ladders on the terraced housetops, you begin to feel as if you were back in the days of the Spanish conquest.

Indian harvest dances, prayers for rain, and sunset ceremonials are performed as of old. Secret rites are carried on in the underground *kivas* or council chambers. Droves of burros carrying packs of wood meander down from the mountains, followed by leisurely Mexican drivers. Black-shawled women pass through narrow-walled streets on their way to mass at the crumbling mission churches. The sun shines with its peculiar desert brightness over the flat adobe houses clustered around the plaza. Exquisite



Courtesy School of American Research

GATEWAY TO HOUSE OF E. IRVING COUSE, N.A., TAOS, NEW MEXICO

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purple mists cling about the mountains, and the sky flames with the most brilliant of sunsets. The color and atmosphere make the place seem a painter's paradise. It is like a sunny corner of old Spain, with a dash of Parisian art life, and the desert and Indians thrown in as a distinctly American asset.

THE STORY OF THE WORLD COURT

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

AMID all the controversy, pro and contra, over the Permanent Court of International Justice, or World Court, as it is commonly called, it will perhaps be worth while to recall the facts and circumstances of the origin of that scheme, for the sake of correcting some misapprehensions concerning its authorship and development, and also of giving credit where credit is due. It is a commonplace of history that the principle of international arbitration in its modern form was first broached in our Revolutionary era by Benjamin Franklin, Alexander Hamilton, and John Jay. In 1780 Franklin wrote: "We daily make great improvements in natural, there is one I wish to see in moral, philosophy: the discovery of a plan that would induce and oblige nations to settle their disputes without first cutting one another's throats. When will human reason be sufficiently improved to see the advantage of this?" Fourteen years later John Jay answered Franklin's question by embodying the principle of arbitration of boundary disputes in his famous treaty with England—a treaty which more than any other instrument marked the definite line of separation between the age of force and the age of reason and law in international controversies. In supporting that epochal convention Alexander Hamilton said: "It would be a horrid and destructive principle, that nations could not terminate a dispute about the title to a particular piece of territory by amicable agreement, or by submission to arbitration, but would be under an indispensable obligation to prosecute the dispute by arms."

Every rational American citizen today, I suppose, regards with patriotic pride that record of America's leadership in the substitution of reason and law for war. Yet it is humiliating to remember that it was for that provision in it that Jay's treaty was most denounced and its ratification opposed, that Jay was hanged and burned in effigy all over the country, and the streets of New York were emblazoned with the inscription: "Damn John Jay! Damn everybody who doesn't damn John Jay! Damn everybody who won't sit up all night to damn John Jay!" and that Hamilton was mobbed, stoned, and narrowly escaped lynching. Despite such popular atrocities, however, the principle of arbitration was then adopted, as an American contribution to international law and practice, and was thereafter repeatedly utilized by this country for the settlement of disputes, notably culminating in the Geneva Arbitration of the Alabama Claims in 1872. For a full century that principle prevailed, though it contemplated nothing more than arbitration before a tribunal specially created or an umpire specially selected for each case. It was not until more than a hundred years after Jay's treaty that a permanent international tribunal was established for arbitral purposes, or that the further advance from arbitration to adjudication was attempted. It is true that the State Senate of Massachusetts as early as 1832 expressed the opinion that some organized method should be established for settling international disputes without war, and a few years later the Legislatures of Massachusetts and Vermont adopted resolutions recommending the calling of an international congress for the purpose of creating an international court of arbitration; and in 1872 Charles Sumner introduced into the Senate of the United States a resolution proposing the creation of an international tribunal which should be "a complete substitute for war" and refusal to abide by the decisions of which should be regarded as hostile to civilization. All these, however, were mere proposals, which were not put into effect, and they aimed at nothing but arbitration, and not adjudication.

A new era, comprising the real story of the World Court, began in 1898, the year of our war with Spain. Dr. David Jayne Hill had two years before resigned the Presidency of the University of Rochester and had gone abroad to study the public law of Europe, thus preparing himself for his subsequent distinguished career in diplomacy. As a partial result of his studies he had written a little book on "International Justice." And then he had come home to be, at Washington, Assistant Secretary of State. His book came to the attention of Sir Julian—afterward Lord—Pauncefote, the British Ambassador at Washington, who was equally distinguished as a warm and loyal friend of the United States and as an earnest advocate of arbitration and adjudication as substitutes for war or as preventive of it. He was so deeply impressed by Dr. Hill's book that he promptly sought conference and counsel with him on its subject, and particularly on its relation to the then prospective First Peace Conference at The Hague, for which the Czar of Russia had issued invitations a short time before, in August, 1898.

One day in November, 1898, while the American and Spanish Peace Commissioners were still at work on their Treaty of Paris, Sir Julian Pauncefote went to John Hay, Secretary of State, at the latter's office, and asked the privilege of an interview with Dr. Hill. He had a copy of Dr. Hill's book in his hand, and stated that he wished to discuss its contents with its author, and also to discuss its bearing upon the manner in which the Czar's call to an international conference should be answered. Secretary Hay at once conducted him to Dr. Hill's office, and said to the latter: "I am bringing you a visitor, who wants to talk with you about the little book which he has in his hand and about the response which is to be made to the Czar's call for a congress."

A long interview thereupon took place between the Ambassador and Dr. Hill, in the course of which, it is not too much to say, the policies of both the United States and Great Britain toward the Peace Conference were substantially formulated. Sir Julian Pauncefote told Dr. Hill frankly that, in his opinion, it would be quite useless to try to get the Powers to adopt a scheme or policy of disarmament or limitation of armament, such as was proposed in the first four items of the Czar's agenda, but that something should, and probably could, be done to promote international arbitration by means of a permanent tribunal, such as was vaguely hinted at in the final item. All that was said at that interview was of course reported by Dr. Hill to Secretary Hay, and by Sir Julian Pauncefote to Lord Salisbury, and we may regard the result as appearing a little later in the instructions which were given to the American and British delegates to the Peace Conference.

Secretary Hay directed the American delegates to have nothing to do with the first four items, concerning reduction or limitation of armament, unless following the initiative of the other Powers. But concerning the eighth item of the agenda he said:

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"The long-continued and widespread interest among the people of the United States in the establishment of an international court gives assurance that the proposal of a definite plan of procedure by this Government for the accomplishment of this end would express the desires and aspirations of this Nation. The delegates are therefore enjoined to propose, at an opportune moment, the plan for an international tribunal, hereunto attached, and to use their influence in the conference in the most effective manner possible to procure the adoption of its substance or of resolutions directed to the same purpose. It is believed that the disposition and aims of the United States in relation to the other sovereign Powers could not be expressed more truly or opportunely than by an effort of the delegates of this Government to concentrate the attention of the world upon a definite plan for the promotion of international justice." Accompanying these instructions was a detailed draft of a constitution for a world court of arbitration.

Similar instructions and a plan for a world court were at almost the same moment given by Lord Salisbury to Sir Julian Pauncefote and the British delegates. He said to them that international arbitration was "a matter to which her Majesty's Government attach the highest importance, and which they are desirous of furthering by every means in their power."

Thus both America and Great Britain entered the Conference at The Hague on May 18, 1899, fully committed to a permanent international tribunal of arbitration. Both delegations submitted their plans to the Conference on May 31, and after several days of discussion the British plan was adopted as the basis of action by the Conference. Both the British and American plans were vigorously opposed by the German delegates, under the orders of the Kaiser, who had only a little while before decried the whole principle of arbitration and had declared that a great army was the best possible guaranty of peace. One of the German delegates, Baron Stengel, had also just written a book ridiculing the notion of substituting arbitration or anything else for military force as the supreme power in international affairs. This German opposition would probably have prevented any action by the Conference on this subject had it not been for the head of the American delegation, Andrew D. White. As American Ambassador at Berlin he had won the special favor of the Kaiser, and he was happily able to prevail upon him by personal appeal to withdraw his opposition and permit his delegates to accept the British plan of an arbitral tribunal.

You never miss the water
Till the well runs dry—

a thought which applies to oil wells as well as to water.

There is a prospect that when our oil wells do go dry we may have to get our supply of fuel from cooked rocks.

Richard Hoadley Tingley

tells the story of oil shales in a forthcoming issue of The Outlook

Accordingly, the British proposals, with various modifications, were adopted on July 29, 1899, and the Permanent Tribunal of International Arbitration was created at The Hague. The United States ratified that treaty on February 5, 1900, with the reservation—to which of course no other signatory Power made the slightest objection—that nothing in it should be so construed as to require the United States to depart from its traditional policy of not intruding upon, interfering with, or entangling itself in the political questions of policy or internal administration of any foreign state, or to imply a relinquishment of its traditional attitude toward purely American questions. How useful this Permanent Tribunal was and how little the Senate's reservation interfered with or restricted its operations may be seen in the fact that the United States promptly submitted to it a long-pending dispute with Mexico—a purely American case, which we did not hesitate to submit to a court composed chiefly of Europeans. There followed several other cases in which the United States was directly or indirectly interested, all of which were satisfactorily settled.

That First Hague Conference was, however, composed predominantly of diplomats rather than of jurists, and their aim in the constitution of the Permanent Tribunal was, as one of the few eminent jurists present declared, "not to render justice, but to settle and end disputes." So they made a tribunal of arbitration, not of adjudication; which settled cases diplomatically and not judicially. Nevertheless it did much good work and was of immense value to the world.

The initiative toward another Hague Conference was taken by the United States in October, 1904. But, as the Russo-Japanese War was then raging, the time did not seem opportune for such a meeting. After that war had been ended, through the good offices of America in the Treaty of Portsmouth, the President transferred further leadership in calling the Second Conference to the Russian Government, which accordingly issued invitations and proposed an agenda, the very first item of which was for making improvements in the constitution and practice of the Permanent Tribunal. The Second Conference, which met in 1907, differed diametrically from the First in being composed of jurists more than of diplomats, and in aiming, therefore, to promote international adjudication rather than arbitration. Said Joseph H. Choate, the head of the American delegation: "The object we ought to aim at is not mere compromise and composition. It is justice."

The American delegates to that Conference were instructed by Elihu Root, Secretary of State, to seek a development of the Permanent Tribunal of Arbitration into a court composed of judges who were not diplomats but jurists and who would act as purely judicial officers, and thus make the Tribunal a genuine court of law. They accordingly took the initiative in bringing the matter before the Conference and in proposing such transformation of the Tribunal. In that they were cordially supported by the British delegates, who had received similar instructions. But again Germany played the marplot, and made it quite evident that she would absolutely oppose the whole thing unless she was permitted to draft the constitution of the court. To this the Americans reluctantly assented, with a correct premonition that it would mean the defeat of the whole proposal. It did mean just that. For Germany put forward a plan under which the judges of the court would in each case be chosen by the contesting Powers or their friends. This was of course quite unacceptable to the United States and other Powers, and, after a long debate and the suggestion of various other plans, the whole subject was shelved and the Permanent Tribunal of Arbitration was retained, practically unchanged; which was precisely what Germany had intended to accomplish if she could.

What would have happened at the Third Hague Conference, had it been held, as was intended, in 1914, is matter of speculation rather than of definite knowledge. It may be pretty confidently assumed, however, that either the American or the British delegations, or both, would have reintroduced the proposal for an international court of law and justice in place of the Tribunal of Arbitration, on a more acceptable basis than that which Germany had devised in 1907 as a veritable apple of discord. But that Conference was not to be. The

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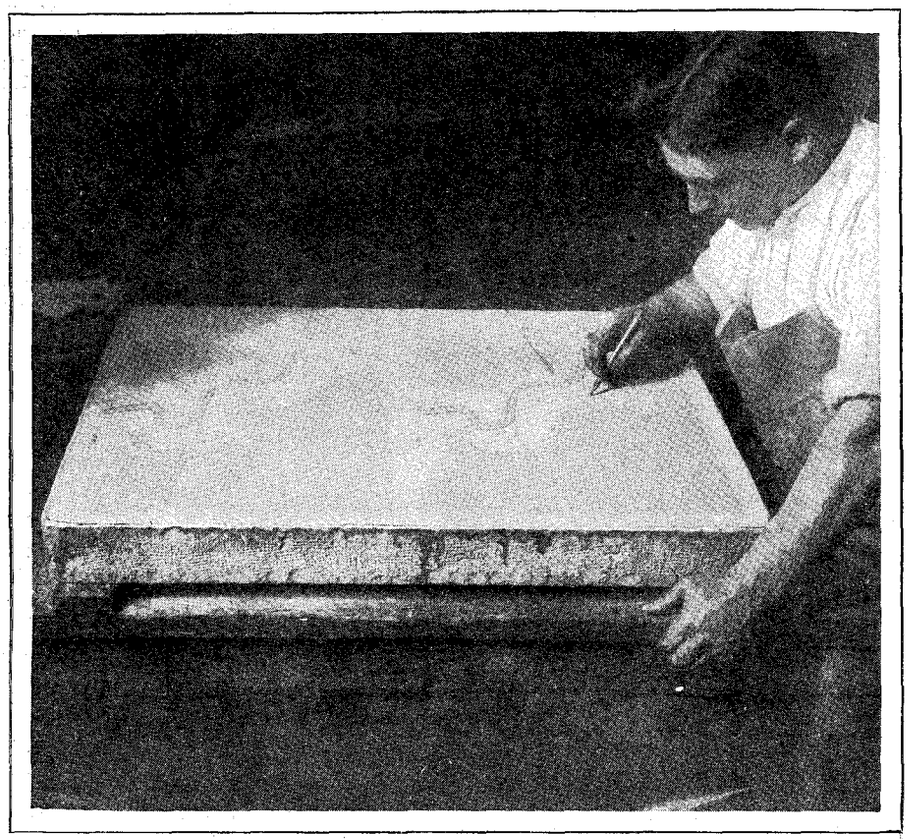
World War intervened to prevent it, and the matter of a World Court was left in abeyance until the end of the war. Then it was taken up at the Congress of Versailles and a detailed scheme was adopted as a part of the Covenant of the League of Nations. Upon the basis thus provided the existing Permanent Court of International Justice came into existence and is now operating; and to it the United States is now asked to adhere. It is one of the most curious of circumstances that the League of Nations should thus have established a Court the original suggestion of which is clearly to be traced back a quarter of a century to a writing of a man who is now one of the League's most unfavorable critics and strongest opponents.

PUTTING THE UNITED STATES ON THE MAP

BY CHARLES FITZHUGH TALMAN



TOPOGRAPHIC MAPS AS TRANSFERRED FROM COPPER PLATE TO LITHOGRAPHIC STONE

MAPS, like dictionaries, are never really finished, and some maps, like some dictionaries, are marvelously slow in the making.

In the year 1875 the French began to compile a new edition of the famous Dictionnaire de l'Académie. This work has now progressed as far as the letter J, and at the present rate will reach the end of the alphabet by the year 1993—by which time most of it will be out of date. The United States Government began in the early eighties of the last century to make a detailed topographic map of this country; such a map as all but the most backward nations of Europe had already made for their respective territories and were keeping fairly up to date by means of frequent revision. This map has now covered barely two-fifths of the continental area of the United States, exclusive of Alaska. By the time it has been published for the whole country, unless the work is much accelerated, nobody now living will be interested in terrestrial topography. Moreover, much of this map now extant is already far behind the times with respect to such details as railways, highways, and other works of man.

Laggard lexicography has not appreciably impaired the prosperity of the French people. Deficient cartography, on the other hand, costs the citizens of the United States tens of millions of dollars every year. Since many of them are serenely unaware of this calamity, it seems advisable to set forth the facts.

TWO KINDS OF MAP

Maps of various sorts have been made by many branches of the Federal Government and by State and local authorities, as well as by unofficial cartographers, but all the detailed maps covering extensive areas of the country fall into two broad classes. The first is typified in the Land Office maps, which show, with various degrees of accuracy, the horizontal distribution of geographic features, but largely ignore the relief of the land. This style of map, though of very limited value, has hitherto been much the more prevalent of the two, and is the only one with which a large part of our population is at all familiar. The other kind of map gives definite information concerning vertical as well as horizontal features, and, as made on a National scale by the United States Geological Survey, with the cooperation of the Coast and Geodetic Survey and several other official agencies, also indicates geographical positions with scientific accuracy. It is the style of map represented abroad by the Ordnance Survey maps of Great Britain, for example, and corresponds to a multitude of requirements of modern civilized life—administrative, military, industrial, commercial, and scientific.

The horizontal mapping of the country west of the original States was a task undertaken by the Government shortly after the Revolutionary War and carried out with great energy. The survey of the Northwest Territory, begun by Thomas Hutchins, geographer of the United States, in the year 1786, in accordance with plans laid down by Thomas Jefferson, and the later surveys of the Land Office extending to the Pacific coast, and still in progress, constitute a gigantic cartographic feat, the results of which have answered very well to the immediate necessity of opening the virgin lands to settlement. The system of primary meridians and base lines, townships, and sections adopted in this great land survey served to fix the boundary of farms, and eventually of many States and other political divisions. However, much of the Land Office surveying, which until recently was let out by contract and not performed by Government employees, has necessarily been crude and hasty, and, as we have stated, the measurement of elevations does not enter into its programme.

WHY WE NEED TOPOGRAPHIC MAPS

The distinctive feature of a topographic map is that it shows the ups and downs of a country as accurately

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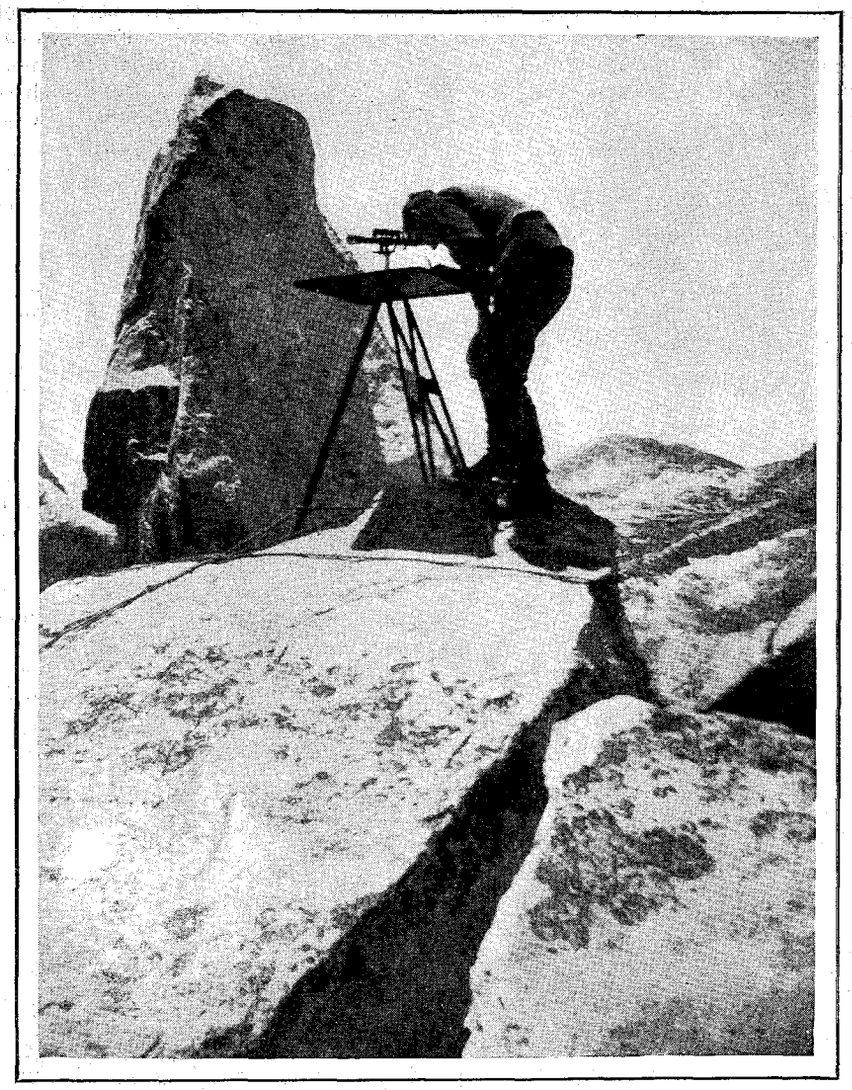

ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK

Former Chief Geographer Marshall, of the United States Geological Survey, taking a sight from the summit of Post Peak, in Yosemite National Park. The instrument had to be lashed to the rocks to keep it from blowing away

as it does the horizontal details, or as nearly so as the scale of the map permits. On the maps found in ordinary atlases and school geographies elevations are indicated very roughly by means of hatchings, shadings, or tints, but the topographic map furnishes precise information on this subject by means of so-called contour lines, or contours. These lines are drawn through points of equal altitude, and their vertical intervals depend somewhat upon the character of the country. In a relatively flat region contours may be drawn for every ten feet of altitude, while in a mountainous country larger intervals—perhaps one hundred or two hundred feet—are necessary in order to avoid excessive crowding of the lines.

A clear idea of the meaning of contours can be obtained by imagining the valleys shown on a map to be filled gradually with water. The contours correspond to the successive shore lines for each ten feet (or other uniform interval) in the rise of the water.

A topographic map is one of the prerequisites of many engineering undertakings. In planning a railway, for example, the question of grade is a vital consideration. Long detours are made to avoid excessive hill climbing or the alternative of expensive cuts and fills. Where the topography of the country has not already been mapped the railway builders must map it themselves, at great expense. An accurate knowledge of topography is likewise necessary to the planning of water supply, irrigation and drainage systems, the location of canals and highways, the control of floods, the prospecting of oil fields and mineral lands, and a variety of other enterprises. The topographic maps that the United States Geological Survey is gradually making for all parts of the country are sold to the public at ten cents a sheet. Engineers tell us that in many instances one of these sheets furnishes information that would cost them months of labor and thousands of dollars to procure without it.

Others besides enginers find these maps valuable and are more or less seriously inconvenienced by the lack of them for many parts of the country. Motoring, post-route mapping, soil mapping, forestry, land valuation and classification, town planning, and a wide range of scientific investigations are some of the activities that benefit by the existence of good topographic maps.

MAKING A TOPOGRAPHIC ATLAS

The slowness with which the Government is producing what is called the "Topographic Atlas of the United States" is only relative. In an absolute sense an enormous sum total of work is accomplished every year.

About 3,000 separate sheets of this "atlas" have already been issued, and something like a million copies are distributed annually, of which about 700,000 copies are sold and the remainder are supplied free to Government offices and other official agencies. The sheets are, with few exceptions, of uniform size—about 17 by 20 inches—though they are not all made on the same scale. The commonest scale is approximately one mile to the inch, and a sheet made on this scale represents an area of 230 square miles. A single map of the whole country made on the same scale would cover about an acre.

The mapping has been very unevenly distributed among the States. It is complete for Connecticut, Delaware, Maryland, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Ohio, Rhode Island, and West Virginia. In these States and some of the others the State authorities have aided the Federal Government in the production of the map. On the other hand, very fragmentary mapping has been done in Florida, Minnesota, and Mississippi.

All the more densely populated regions of the country have been mapped, yet it is probably true that a majority of the people living in these regions, outside of the engineering profession, do not know that such maps exist. A mercantile firm in Chillicothe, Ohio, which buys copies of the map for that vicinity in quantity and gives them away to its farmer customers, has written to the Geological Survey of the surprise and pleasure with which a farmer discovers that his own house is actually shown on this map. Comparatively few booksellers handle the Government maps. Some years ago an attempt was made to popularize these maps by placing them on sale at rural post offices, but for some inscrutable reason the undertaking proved a complete failure.

The field work that lies back of the topographic maps is often of the most arduous character. There are upward of four hundred topographers employed in this work, and it is estimated that these men have, in the aggregate, trudged something like nine million miles, carrying heavy

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instruments, equipment, and supplies, to execute the surveying thus far accomplished. Perilous mountaineering, wading through swamps, shooting rapids, encounters with snakes and wild beasts—such are some of the items in the day's work of a Government topographic engineer. The maps are all actually drawn in the field, though they undergo a certain amount of refinement at the hands of skillful engravers in Washington before they go to press.

A beginning has recently been made in the use of aerial photography in the construction of these maps, though as a strictly auxiliary process. There is no prospect at present that pictures taken from aircraft will ever wholly, or even largely, replace the older methods of map-making. Such pictures cannot be used to determine relief, and they have certain other inherent defects. Their most important use is in bringing old maps up to date by showing changes in the man-made features of the landscape.

So far as the accurate fixing of geographic positions and elevations is concerned, the Geological Survey map-makers are dependent to a large extent upon the system of horizontal and vertical "control" furnished by the Coast and Geodetic Survey. This institution has been engaged for years in extending over the country a vast network of triangulation and precise leveling, providing accurate reference points upon which to base local surveys. As has been aptly remarked in a recent official report, this geodetic network plays much the same part in the mapping of the country that the steel framework does in the construction of a big office building.

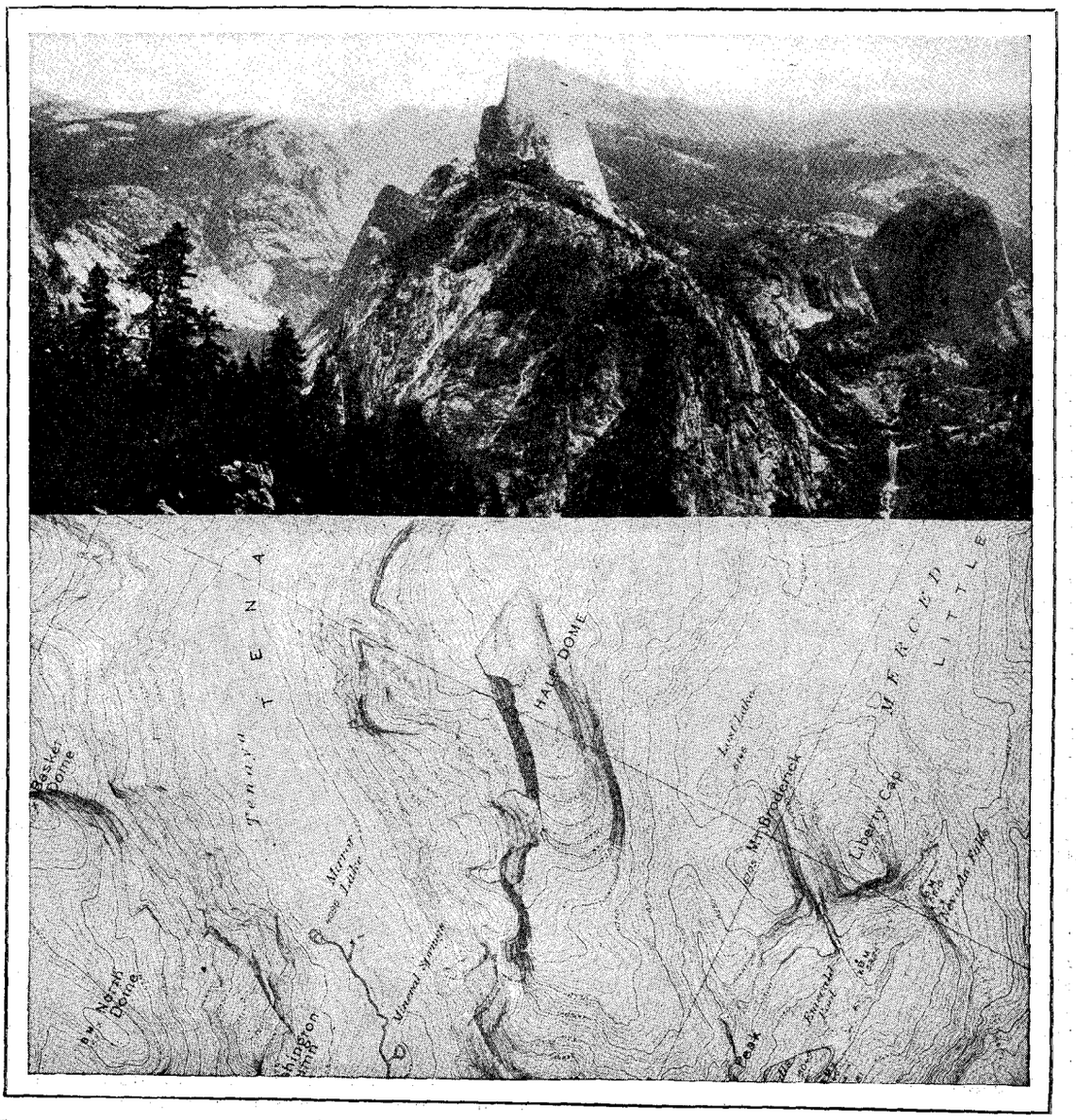
The Army engineers, the Forest Service, the Reclamation Service, the Mississippi River Commission, and the Lake Survey have all contributed to some extent to the work of making an accurate detailed map of the United States.

SPEEDING UP THE MAP

Just why lawmakers should need years of argument and persuasion to be moved to a step of perfectly self-evident necessity to their nation's welfare is a mystery that no Einstein can fathom, but it is true that for more than twenty years Congress has been besought in vain to provide funds for speeding up the work of mapping this country. As long ago as the year 1902 a collection of appeals in behalf of this undertaking filled sixty pages of a Congressional document.

Recently the demand has become so urgent and comes from such influential quarters that it can hardly be resisted much longer. The matter was brought to a focus in January, 1922, when Representative Temple, of Pennsylvania, introduced a bill (H. R. 10057) providing for the complete mapping of the country within twenty years and appropriating $950,000 for the first year's work. This bill did not pass the committee stage, but will be reintroduced and vigorously pushed at the next legislative session.

Meanwhile Congress has provided a partial measure of relief in the shape of a substantial increase in the regular appropriations for the Geological Survey.



HALF DOME AND VICINITY, YOSEMITE VALLEY, CALIFORNIA

Scale 1:24,000, contour interval 50 ft.

Part of one of the Geological Survey topographic maps (much reduced) and a photograph of the region it represents. Note how the crowded contour lines correspond to steep slopes

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IN THE BOW OF THE SPLENDIFEROUS

A STUDENT COMES HOME STEERAGE

BY OSCAR LEWIS

WHEN the steamship companies in France some months ago suddenly increased their fares on all classes of passage to America, the news seemed to create hardly a ripple of interest. The newspapers announced the change in a fine, casual way, and on the surface the life of Paris—the life of the tourists in Paris—went on much as though nothing had happened.

Probably nothing much did happen among the prosperous parties who support the gilded hotels along the Rue de Rivoli and the Place Vendome. There were mild expressions of regret that such things could be, no doubt, but, on the whole the increase was accepted with equanimity. It meant one less shopping tour to the Rue de la Paix, one less gown at "the only shop, my dear, that has a *thing* this year," perhaps merely an additional draft on the bulging letter of credit.

But over across the river, on the left bank, the increase was not so calmly greeted. It is no exaggeration to say that the news created a profound sensation in the cafés of the Boul Mich and the Boulevard du Montparnasse. It created in the private affairs of more than one temporary resident of the Quarter a condition that can be described only as a crisis. The newspapers in their beautifully casual reports carefully pointed out that the steamer fare increases were, in fact, not increases at all, but mere "readjustments" to counteract the depreciation of the French currency, and that, although one now must pay, say, 400 francs more to get to New York, the rate from New York to Paris—payable in dollars—remained at its old figure.

A pleasing fact, this last, and interesting to the world at large, but it received only passing attention from the American students of the Quarter, particularly from those students who were about to return home. The increase, whether real or only apparent when viewed internationally, was real enough to those who had to pay the difference, and more real still to those (for art students are likely to be a hand-to-mouth lot, particularly in these days) who did not have the difference to pay. To those who had to go back there was only one way out, though the decision was not always arrived at without a struggle—the steerage.

"Well," says the student, philosophic because it is necessary to be, "there remains the steerage."

The words, for the benefit of his listeners, are pronounced with bravado, but in his heart he has misgivings.

The misgivings do not leave him when presently, having put off the matter as long as possible, he enters one of the chaste, walnut-paneled steamship offices in the vicinity of the Opéra. He wedges his way between a lady from Pittsburgh and a gentleman from Chicago, both, to the student's eyes, offensively prosperous, both engaging passage, with much studying of deck plans, on that much-advertised super-ship, the Splendiferous.

An inspiration seizes the prospective steerage passenger, an inspiration that causes him somewhat ironical satisfaction.

"I too shall go," says he to himself. "Even I shall sail on the Splendiferous!"

When one of the clerks presently engages his attention, he pronounces the words firmly.

"The Splendiferous," says he, already deriving a certain augustness from association with that awesome ship. "I wish to engage passage on her—a third-class passage."

The clerk is tactful; tactful, yet a trifle remote and dignified, as befits the visible representative of such a ship as the Splendiferous. With this godlike clerk our student holds brief conversation; he pays over his hoard of francs to a cashier (a huge amount of francs, even for third class, he thinks), and he receives in return a slip of paper. It is an unimpressive slip compared with the magnificent certificates he sees passed over to the plutocrats of the saloon. He is instructed that if he appears at Cherbourg on a certain day and at a certain hour the Splendiferous herself will deign to pick him up and convey him, inside her magnificent skin, to a dockside in New York.

The traveler, who is now committed to the thing, returns for a few days to his old haunts in the Quarter. He receives the congratulations and condolences of his friends. He uses the word Splendiferous frequently. Presently he packs his belongings, and takes a train for Cherbourg. There he surrenders his individuality and a number of things happen to him, toward the end of which he is hauled out to sea upon a tender, herded up a gangway, and deposited firmly upon the mighty deck of the Splendiferous.

Our friend from the Quarter has been for some hours a mere bit of passive material in the clutch of a machine. This machine's job was to pick him up at a Cherbourg dock and convey him, through fixed and official channels, out of France and into the third-class "accommodations" of the Splendiferous. Having completed its job, the machine unceremoniously drops him, and our passenger is free to become a human being again.

As a human being he develops at once an intensely human quality. He becomes curious about his surroundings, about his fellow steerage passengers, about his steerage accommodations.

The last act of the machine has been to place his baggage upon the berth which corresponds to the number on his ticket. The berth, he notices now, is narrow—narrower than any berth he had ever occupied on other and more prosperous voyages. The room itself is narrow, and it has four berths, only two of which, fortunately, are to be occupied; for this trip is light, the steerage is not full.

"Only two to a room," says he, approvingly.

He observes, too, that the tiny room is clean. The coarse linen on the berth is crisp, the mattress and pillow stuffed with new straw. There is a washstand, a mirror, an electric light, two towels, some clothes-hooks. As a place to sleep, he decides, it will do. It is not the Ritz, but it will do. He puts on his cap and starts to go on deck.

Going on deck proves to be an intricate business. From his stateroom he must go down a narrow passage, past twenty other staterooms exactly like his own. He must then climb up two decks, and this brings him into a large room, shaped like a spearhead, running into an acute angle at its far end. That acute angle, he rightly guesses, is none other than the peerless bow of the Splendiferous. The spear-shaped room is furnished with at least twenty-five long tables, and each table is flanked by from a dozen to twenty chairs.

This room, he rightly concludes, is the third-class dining-room. He has been given a card which tells him, in twelve languages, that his table is to be Number 9. He wonders at the company's thoroughness in informing him of this fact in Polish as well as English, and in French, German, Swedish, Russian, Czechoslovakian, Danish, Hungarian, Italian, Greek, and Rumanian. But presently he ceases to be astonished at this; he discovers that the steerage is nothing if not linguistically versatile. Every regulation, every notice, is translated into a dozen languages. He is told in

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Arabic and Czechoslovakian that by turning a certain metal lever fitted into the side of a wall drinking water will come forth; all the languages of eastern and southeastern Europe combine to tell him where to find his lifeboat, what to do with his valuables, where not to smoke. Even the menu, when he presently goes to dinner, he finds is printed in German and Hungarian as well as in English.

It is at dinner that he has his first real sight of his fellow-passengers. The sea is calm, and they are present in force. But, being a student, and until very recently a resident of the Latin Quarter, he is interested first of all in his food. His table (he had found Number 9) has a white cloth, a frivolity in the shape of a rubber-plant in the center, tableware of white porcelain, waiters in white coats, who gaze pensively out of the portholes. He selects an unoccupied chair and procures one of the printed menus. Dinner is set down in this fashion:

Minestrone
Grilled Fresh Fish
Goulash of Veal
Cold Meats Salad
Compote of Fruit
Bread and Butter Preserves

The meal does not come up to this promise, but it is passable. He has eaten worse in Paris, which is not, as the myth pretends, a city of universally good cooking. He has eaten worse in more than one den on the left bank with its *prix fixe* sign outside and its delusive menu pasted in the window. He picks and chooses from the card, and he makes a meal of it. The other passengers make a meal of it too, and he observes them as they do it.

They are not a gay crowd, these travelers in the steerage. They are taciturn, he finds, severe looking and serious, weighed down by obscure responsibilities. The student is accustomed to some degree of liveliness at table. He has been living for two years in a country which produces the lightest-hearted diners in the world, and he finds this portentous gravity depressing.

He passes the butter to a man across the table, and on this flimsy excuse starts a conversation. It is uphill work. The man, who has a ruddy, long face, answers as briefly as possible the polite questions, and continues eating. He is an Englishman. He is going to St. Louis. He has never been to America before. No, he doesn't want salad. Farther down the table are two Scandinavians, and beyond them a man with what looks like a policeman's cap down over his eyes, and beside him an old woman with a shawl over her head. She, at least, looks like the pictures of the immigrants in the school histories. She is the only one of her sort on the boat. The man at the student's right eats, with astonishing delicacy, with his fork, and between each course puts on polished rimless spectacles to read the menu. The student observes that he reads, not the English version, but the Hungarian.

A complicated and delicate organism, the personnel of the steerage.

The deck space, explored after dinner, is adequate, and more than adequate. It extends the entire, the peerless, the unrivaled, length of the Splendiferous. It has no deck chairs, but it has benches. And it has a view of precisely the same ocean that the lady from Pittsburgh and the gentleman from Chicago are viewing—together, let it be hoped—from the rail two decks above.

The young man from the Quarter decides presently that it is not as bad as he was afraid it was going to be. He confides in a new acquaintance, a chap who on seven hundred dollars has for eighteen months been wandering through Central Europe—a type rather common since the war. He has been to Europe three times since 1919, and he always travels steerage.

"What you want to do," says this new acquaintance, "is to choose a big boat. Always choose the big ones. I came over last time on the Bulgeandcramia. There's a boat for you, the Bulgeandcramia! Alongside her this Splendiferous is nothing; she's a scow, a water-logged coal scuttle, alongside the Bulgeandcramia. The Bulgeandcramia's the boat! Now that boat"—

And the student as he listened realized that you mustn't attempt to divide ocean travelers into classes. There is a natural division, and the travelers divide themselves automatically. But it is not according to the sort of tickets they hold. It's according to type, and your type, once you have isolated him, is always the same. He is equally virulent in the steerage and in the cabin de luxe.

A SOLILOQUY ON NOSES

BY GEORGE SOUTHCOTE

DWELLERS in towns and cities think—sometimes, when they have the time. Dwellers in the country soliloquize, as I am doing at the present moment, in the most beautiful surroundings in the world, on the banks of an English south-country trout stream. England in spring, as described by poets: Apple blossoms, and bees busy therein; blue sky and drifting fleecy clouds; cold showers and the smell of earth in the hot sunshine that follows (if it does); marsh-marigolds blazing on the edge of running water; cuckoo-flowers raising their delicate heads on the bank above, their name-bird's note floating from a neighboring copse; the whole air vibrating with the notes of song birds, ... and so on, and so on. We don't talk about these things in the country, we just feel them. What puzzles me at present is the question why, with all these things around me, I should be soliloquizing on the subject of noses.

Every human being that I have met has a nose, excepting one poor chap who had his shot off in the war and was given a new one by his fellow-citizens, who have now forgotten all about him, if we can believe what we read in the newspapers. As a matter of fact, we don't forget in our little valley, where employment has been found for every man who came back, and there are always fresh flowers on the village memorial to those who did not return to us.

But to get back to those others who have had the good fortune to retain their noses throughout their lives, and, it may be, to have handed down the counterfeit depictments thereof to future generations. A nose of peculiar shape or prominence may be a great handicap in life (the name of Cyrano de Bergerac occurs of course in this connection) or a valuable asset. Napoleon Bonaparte, for instance, used to choose generals for their big noses, and there was something to be said in favor of that procedure as long as he could also choose them in armies opposed to him. He did not choose Wellington's. A prominent nose must be supported by a prominent chin. A big nose without such support savors of a character which figured largely in one of the British humorous papers of my youth—"Judy's Lunatic Contributor."

Again I wonder what put noses into my mind. I cannot shake off the thought of them. Perhaps it was my children, who are engaged upon a silhouette competition. Some of the celebrities are recognizable by their figures, some by the shape of their heads, some by their dress. I can only identify two by their noses—one a

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past Prime Minister, the other a former general of the Salvation Army—and I am getting tired of the puzzle of human noses. Still, I seem to be waiting for inspiration, and the restless feeling of expectancy puzzles me seriously. What is it that I am expecting?

I have it! It is not a human nose at all. It is the nose of the first rising trout of the season pushing the tip thereof out of the surface of the stream to take a floating fly, and there it is! This is no time for penmanship. Where is my fly-rod?

FROM CONGRESS TO CABINET

EXPERIENCES AND IMPRESSIONS OF PUBLIC LIFE IN WASHINGTON

BY WILLIAM C. REDFIELD

CHAPTER X—OUR UNKNOWN GOVERNMENT

CAPTAIN A. LINCOLN DRYDEN was no office-seeker, though he held simultaneously four posts acquired one after another because of very stern necessity. On December 9, 1913, I wrote to the Speaker of the House of Representatives a letter about the work of the Bureau of Navigation in the Department of Commerce. This is part of it:

> Another field of usefulness is the supervision of the oyster fleet on Chesapeake Bay, where there are not less than 1,200 boats with crews aggregating 3,500 men. There are probably as many more in Delaware Bay and River and the sounds of North Carolina.
>
> Illegal shipments, cruel treatment, insufficient food, and inadequate quarters seem to be a feature of almost every oyster-dredging season down the bay for a generation.
>
> To secure crews to serve under the conditions in the fleet for the small wages offered, shipping agents at Baltimore and Norfolk resorted to shanghaiing. Men while intoxicated were signed on without knowing the nature of their agreements; railroad yards were watched and men and boys stealing rides on the cars in violation of a local statute were given the choice between arrest and serving in the oyster fleet; skilled mechanics and artisans and even members of the professions while intoxicated were shipped by these agents and finally found themselves down the bay on the oyster dredges. In strange and unfriendly environments they were forced to do work for which they were fitted neither in body nor mind.
>
> The mental condition of these men when they came out of their stupor and realized their surroundings, and the disappointment of the master who had paid the shipping agent for a crew found unable or unwilling to make the operation of the vessel profitable, often resulted in violence and sometimes in bloodshed.
>
> These were the conditions found by this Department in the oyster fleet.

To cope with these conditions, first one, then two, three, and finally six small motor vessels were obtained and Captain (by courtesy) Dryden was put in command. He was Senior Navigation Officer under the Department of Commerce, and also a deputy collector of customs of the Port of Baltimore, which gave him certain rights in boarding vessels, and the requirements of his work soon made him a deputy United States marshal both in Virginia and Maryland in order that his functions might be useful on either side of Chesapeake Bay. So he actively represented the Departments of Commerce, of Justice, and of the Treasury.

A DESPERATE EFFORT TO ESCAPE

A young Virginian who was on his way home for a vacation had stopped over at Baltimore to see the city. He wandered down to the water-front, where he was promptly invited by some one to take a drink, which he did. When he recovered consciousness, he found himself on board one of the oyster boats out in the bay. These oyster boats do not touch port. They gather the oysters and transfer them to small boats, which take them to market. Consequently men were hard to obtain for work on these larger boats, and were in many cases secured by the means described. Escape was impossible except by swimming ashore. Our Virginia boy took this desperate chance, but he was weak from hunger and abuse, and the long swim in bitterly cold weather was too much for his endurance. He was drowned.

This started an investigation of the oyster fleet, and it was found that, not only were many of the men shanghaied, but that when on board they often were forced to sleep on mattresses lying in bilge water. Their quarters were without heat; they were ill fed. In many instances they were put on shore at the end of the season in remote places without a dollar of wages for the whole season's work. "Get to h——l out of here!" was their sole reward. This was in the United States of America, and not far from the National Capitol.

No action could be taken against the boat-owners, because the marshal's office could not serve notice unless the cost was guaranteed, and the complainants were unable to pay the expense. To meet this situation Captain Dryden was appointed deputy marshal, and could and did serve in these cases without cost to the persons injured. What a joy it was to Captain Dryden, to his associates, and to us in Washington, to fight the battles of oppressed men who had no one else to act for them—to bring the strong arm of power to bear on the miscreants who shamed their kind by cruelty!

The scoundrels learned their lesson well. I am told that since 1919 not one case of shanghaiing or of cruelty has been found and but two cases of failure to pay wages. What was in reality a living hell has been cleaned up. And now, if you chance to see a motor vessel resembling a private yacht but flying the National flag, and with a long something forward under a canvas cover, remember that the little fleet of which she is a part has rescued from hideous wrongs hundreds of your fellows, and be thankful it is so.

But few know of such a work continued over years by constant toil till an evil is exterminated. You did not, I am sure, unless by accident you heard of it through some personal source. The Department has but small means of publicity outside of annual reports, which few read and wherein the human factor is minimized. If Captain Dryden and his men had gone wrong and had themselves shanghaied helpless victims, that would be news indeed; but to work relief and rescue and to destroy evils—there is not much "news value" in that. "'Tis true 'tis pity; and pity 'tis 'tis true."

AN ABSURD LAW

"In some districts," says my report for 1915, "men are required to work from five o'clock in the morning until ten or eleven o'clock at night."

"What's this?" you say. "Do any Government men work like that?" Let us hope, not now; but they did. They

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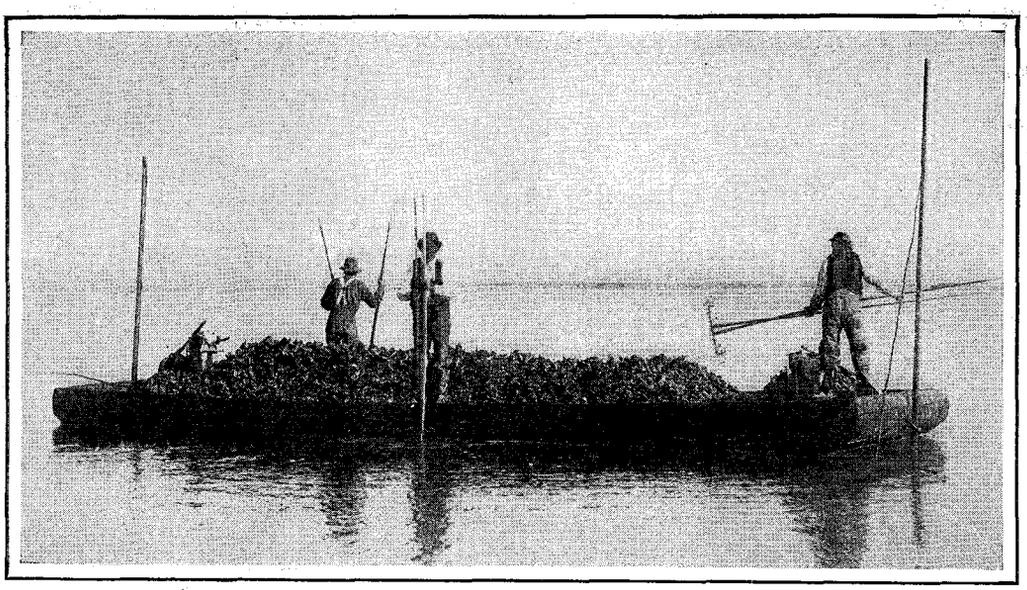

Tonging for oysters in Chesapeake Bay

were steamboat inspectors, and, as there were not enough of them, this was the result at certain seasons, for example, in Buffalo, as well as in other cities. But that was comparatively easy. Some things required by law were absurdly beyond all possiblity. May we read together a bit more of the same report? It was serious enough, to be sure, ridiculous as it will sound; but I said something in an earlier article about absurd laws, so here is an example:

"I protest," said I, "against the absurdity of one supervising inspector on the Pacific coast being charged with the supervision of the coasts of California, Oregon, Washington, Alaska and Hawaii, including the navigation on the Sacramento, Columbia, and Snake Rivers. No man is competent for such a task, yet a request that this vast district be divided into two and another district be created with its headquarters at Seattle was refused. The law requires (Sec. 4406 R.S.) that 'each supervising inspector shall watch over *all parts* of the territory assigned to him, shall *visit,* confer with, and examine into the doings of the local boards of inspectors within his district, and shall instruct them in the proper performance of their duties.'

"It is obviously impossible for the supervising inspector of the first district to carry out this law for two reasons: first, because no human being could do it in a district reaching from Nome to San Diego and from Idaho to Hawaii; and, second, because if such a fabulous person could be found, funds are not provided sufficient to cover the necessary traveling expenses."

This was pretty bad, but there was another district almost like it, reaching from New Mexico to Porto Rico. The former at least has been remedied, but you who read and I who write know perfectly well that the public press would be quick to denounce the alleged carelessness of a supervising inspector should an accident happen, ignorantly disregarding the controlling fact that an impossible task had been set him under an impossible law. It is natural to wonder why the alert press of the Pacific coast did not expose such conditions in its forceful way so as to stop them almost as soon as they came into being.

EVIL CONDITIONS ON COAST SURVEY SHIPS

While we are out there on the Western coast, shall we look a moment at one or two of the vessels I found in use as alleged seagoing surveying ships? They have gone, thank God, to the limbo where bad ships go! If there could be a maritime Gehenna, they were fit for it. We cannot wish them well, for they did too much ill. Men are alive who recall them with deserved curses, for when I took charge they were part of the regular fleet for Uncle Sam's surveying work in Pacific waters. There were several of them—competitors for the bad distinction of being the most disgraceful to the country. On one of these National vessels in Alaska waters a "stateroom" for three men was 5½ x 7 feet.

"There is no bath or shower either for the crew, the petty officers, or the firemen. There is no place to carry fresh meats or vegetables for the crew. When the crew have fresh meat, it is hung over the windlass until it is used up," says an official report. One ship was too frail to hoist her launch, so she always selected, if she could, an anchorage at night where the launch was safe afloat, because "the ship is not strong enough to hoist it on board." We pass the minor fact that she was, as several others were, unsafe at sea. On the whole, the most vivid detail is that of the fresh meat hanging out on the windlass for lack of a cold place in which to store it. Uncle Sam, you see, could not, or at least did not, afford a refrigerator. Do you suppose the generous people of the United States would have kept such craft in their service years and decades (from thirty-eight to fifty-two years) if they had known the facts? Of course not. But, please ponder these questions: How were they to find out? Whose business was it to tell them? How much of a similar character may still exist, hidden away in the intricate mazes of our Government—unknown to you and to me?

MARK TWAIN MISSES AN OPPORTUNITY

Then there was that charming arrangement about the salmon agents of the Bureau of Fisheries, who were charged by law to inspect the canneries on the coast of Alaska. There were four inspectors, and there were many thousand miles of coast-line and numerous canneries scattered along them. That was something of a task at best; but to make the joke (on us, my fellow-citizens) complete, they had no boats nor visible means of transit. Passenger steamers did not run to the canneries. How one wished at times that dear Mark Twain could have shot his winged arrows at some of our public conditions! He would have had us all laughing at or ashamed of our civic shortcomings.

Our salmon agents *had* to inspect, and there was just one way to get to the spot to do inspecting—that was by using the steamers belonging to the canneries themselves. So behold the ridiculous necessity to which your mighty Government was reduced—its officers had to take the cannery boat in order to inspect the cannery! One day the inspector noticed that the

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vessel blew five whistles before rounding a point near a cannery, and, as five whistles were unknown to the maritime code, the inspector was curious to know what it meant. It took some questioning; there was obvious reluctance to tell; but at last the truth came out. It was a signal to the cannery that they were coming with a Government inspector on board. Everything at that cannery was accordingly found in fine order. You would not expect good results from that sort of advertised inspection, would you? But you did not know. How could you learn? Where could the average citizen get the facts? Where would you go to-day to find out things as they are in the actual workings of the Government?

• •

CONFESSION OF A CABINET OFFICER

This leads to a confession on my own part. Before I entered Congress I knew nothing about these or similar things, nor do I know any one who understood them. In Congress itself I did not learn them, nor were matters of the kind of common knowledge there. About the last thing that was talked about in Congress was the real working facts of Government activities. Few had accurate information about them—some talked as if they had, using words without knowledge.

I understood the Government of the District of Columbia fairly well, for it was my duty to do so as one of the District Committee of the House. I made a study of its purchasing methods in detail, and that involved poking into many corners. So I knew a little, only a little, about the Post Office Department, having been a postal clerk in boyhood and being on the Committee on Expenditures of the Post Office Department. For the rest, my ignorance of Government workings was comprehensive—all but complete—but I did not differ from my fellows in that respect.

But I believed then in Congress, and later as Secretary, and now as a private citizen, still believe in a course with which Congress has no sympathy at all. This is that the great Government services in all their parts belong to the people, and therefore the owners have a right to know about them. In order, however, that the owners of such vast affairs which affect them so intimately may know about them, the means of knowledge must be adequate and continuous—continuous because the facts of to-day differ from those of yesterday and will be changed to-morrow. In other words, the Government is a living organism which grows, not a dead static thing which, once learned, "stays put," so to speak.

THE NEED OF ORGANIZED PUBLICITY

All this means organized publicity as a matter of right—yes, of duty to the people that they may understand their own affairs. There is not now any sufficient means of learning the facts. Various services have published good illustrated monographs describing their work and the Institute for Government Research publishes scholarly accounts of the history and activities of several branches of the public service, but even these do not place current working problems adequately before a reader. This is not said in adverse criticism of press or writers, for much Government information is not news in an exact sense, and, if it were, there is so much of it as to overwhelm all but the greatest press resources.

The problem is one not easy to solve—government of the people, and by and for them, concerning which the people whose Government it is and who pay the bills have no adequate means of current knowledge.

Yet if you want to heat Congress to the boiling-point, speak of organized publicity to them. They will think one is trying to advertise one's self, and as for themselves—let us put it mildly—they are really obsessed with the notion that they know a great deal now.

There is room nevertheless for a service, wholly detached from politics, which shall inform the public on their own affairs, and there will be times when Congress might find it helpful. Why have a great library covering all things beside, while the truth about our own affairs lies concealed?

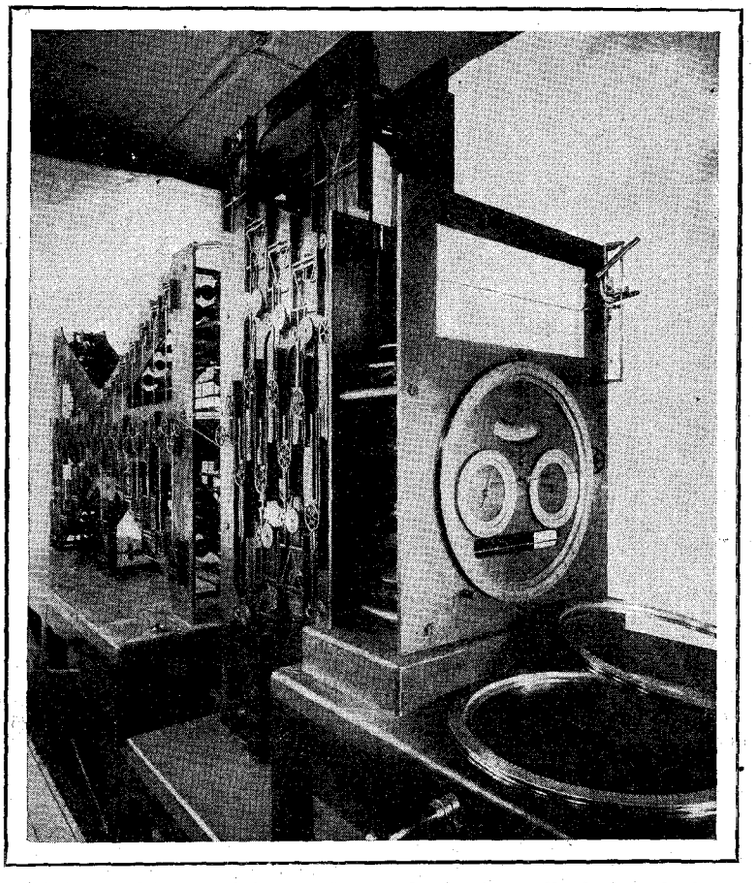
CONGRESS'S HASTY, WASTEFUL WAYS

One day Congress got on a real rampage after information. A member had learned that a certain public servant was earning something additional from private sources and was guilty of other alleged misdemeanors. Another employee had made the grievous error of owning some good securities. Others were said to have too many relatives in the public service. All this, though it was nothing that a head of a department could not correct, in as far as it was true and needed correction, was made the subject of debate to the extent of sixteen pages of the "Congressional Record," which involved four roll-calls of the entire House of Representatives. It appeared in the debate that the militant reformer had employed his two sons in the service of the House, but this did not abate his zeal in the least. So, although an appropriation bill was pending, no less than ten resolutions were discussed and passed, all of similar tenor and addressed to various departments. One came to me:

H. Res. 76.

In the House of Representatives, U. S.
June 5, 1919.

RESOLVED, That the Secretary of Commerce be, and he is hereby, re-



A computing machine which can be made to foretell the variation of tides years in the future. And if we knew on what date the rising tide refused to obey King Canute's orders, we could go to this machine for the exact hour when the historic event occurred

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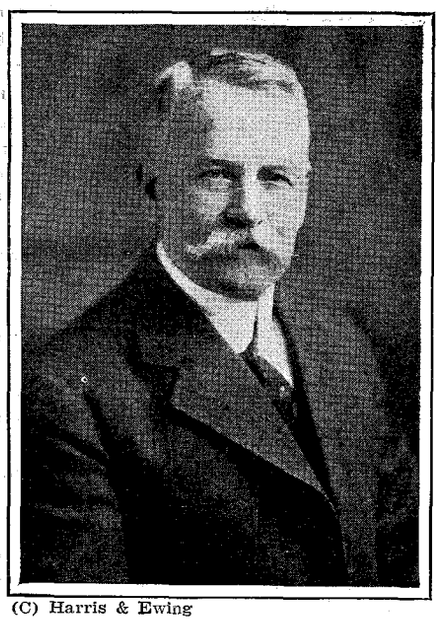


(C) Harris & Ewing

Edwin F. Sweet was Mr. Redfield's Assistant Secretary of Commerce. He is described as "able, loyal, devoted, sincere, a delightful companion, a wise counselor, and a fine executive"

quested to promptly report to the House of Representatives at the earliest date practicable the following facts:

(1) The names of all Government employees in the various branches of the Commerce Department who are employed by any person, firm, or corporation, the name of such employer, the hours of service given to such employer, and the amount of compensation received by such employee per month for such outside service.

(2) The names of all employees in the Department of Commerce whose spouse (wife or husband), father, mother, sister or sisters, or brother or brothers, are in the employ of the Government, their names, department of service, hours of service, and amount of compensation per month respectively received by each and all of said relatives.

Apart from the wasteful folly of the whole silly business, there was much in the resolution to make one pause. While I was thinking it over, a letter came from one Representative among the many who had retained the continuity of their reasoning processes. The nature of his inquiry appears from my reply:

June 7, 1919.

My dear Mr. Buchanan:

May I say in response to your favor of the 6th instant that the questions you kindly ask are such as have already occasioned serious concern since the official copy of House Resolution 76 arrived.

If, as we suppose, we must consult our entire field force, which covers the world from the Philippine Islands to Porto Rico, including Alaska, and includes several hundred persons residing and traveling on commercial business in many parts of the globe, the question whether we have a sufficient force to attend to this matter without seriously neglecting other work is very real and practical.

We are now considering the number of employees that may be required for the work and the approximate cost and time which will be involved. So soon as this has been ascertained with approximate accuracy, we shall be more than glad to advise you.

The suggestion has been made to us that the field services of the Department are not involved, but the Resolution distinctly reads "all Government employees in the various branches of the Commerce Department" and we can only interpret this as meaning what it says. The Resolution further says "promptly report," qualified by the words "at the earliest date practicable."

The vessels of this Department are scattered by their duty in various parts of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. Such, for example, as are on surveying duty in the Philippines cannot be reached promptly, nor can isolated lighthouse or light vessel stations be gotten at, save through the usual visits of the tenders which supply them. It may, therefore, be several months before it will be possible for us to carry out the Resolution.

May I confess, for your personal eye, that I do not understand why inquiry into the difficulties involved in a matter of this kind was not made in advance of action?

Yours very truly,

WILLIAM C. REDFIELD.
Secretary of Commerce.

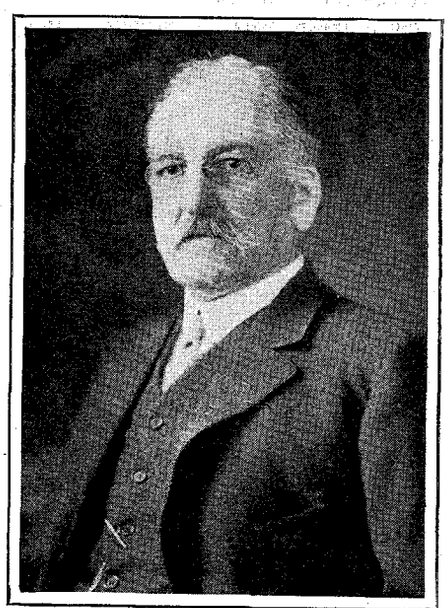
Hon. J. P. Buchanan,
U. S. House of Representatives,
Washington, D. C.

I discussed the matter with disgusted colleagues. In the end we found that more men and money were required if we were to carry out the will of the House. An estimate calling for both was promptly transmitted; neither was supplied, and the matter ended there, with just one more example of the ignorance of Congress and of its hasty, wasteful ways.

It may throw a further light on the dignity of our National Legislature to quote the following resolution:

RESOLVED, That the Committee on Foreign Affairs be directed to investigate at once and report forthwith: First, whether the Constitution has been broken and destroyed, and, second, whether same is broken beyond repair, and, third, to recommend whether we should adopt a new Constitution or repair the old one, and, fourth, as to how the American people could best live on their by-laws while the new Constitution is being adopted or the old one repaired.

This was offered February 14, 1920, and printed at public expense. There is more of it, hardly worth our notice here, but those who are interested in



(C) Harris & Ewing

Ernest G. Fischer, Former Chief of the Instrument Section of the Coast and Geodetic Survey, who is nominated by Mr. Redfield as a worthy candidate for an honorary university degree

Congressional jokes at their cost may send for House Res. 463, 66th Congress, Second Session.

A MECHANICAL PROPHET ONE HUNDRED PER CENT CORRECT

Over in the Coast Survey Building, not far from the Capitol, is the most wonderful machine of its kind in the world. It is the tide-predicting machine. By it the hours (to a minute) and the heights (to a tenth of a foot) of high and low tides are accurately calculated years in advance for the eighty-one principal seaports of the earth, and, by tables based on these, for three thousand other ports. Already it has predicted the tides round the earth for 1925, and will soon begin that work for 1926.

By the turn of a crank it does the work of at least sixty human computers, and does it with more precision. It does not matter how far in the future it has to work, and it is quite capable, were necessity to arise, of working in the remote past. Every ship must have a book of tide tables to guide it when entering ports. The predictions are made two years in advance, are printed a year in advance and distributed throughout the world for the use of mariners. This machine does the forecasting, with this peculiar element about it—that its forecasts are one hundred per cent correct.

UNIVERSITIES PLEASE TAKE NOTICE

The theoretical problems on which this wonderful mechanism is based were worked out by two scientists in the Service, Dr. Harris and Mr. Schidy, but the machine itself was

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designed and constructed by Mr. E. G. Fischer, a mechanical engineer and chief of the Instrument Section of the Coast and Geodetic Survey. It was built there under his eye and in no small part by his hands. For fifteen years he worked upon it amid difficulties and discouragements, with insufficient help and surrounded by doubts. With faith in himself and in the correctness of his computations, he persisted until the great mechanism was perfected. There are other machines for similar work—Great Britain has one—but by common consent of experts ours is the best.

Mr. Fischer has never had an adequate reward for a most distinguished service. By earnest effort on the part of his superiors, his salary was increased by trifling amounts until it reached the magnificent sum of $3,000 per annum. He retired at seventy years of age in August, 1922, and is now drawing a pension of $60 a month. Some university would do itself honor by giving him a degree appropriate to his exceptional attainments and service, for not only the Government of this country, but mariners throughout the world, have long profited and will continue to do so through the fruits of this man's genius.

It is the memory of men like Mr. Fischer (and there are hundreds more), who serve long for trivial pay and contribute greatly to the Nation's weal without appreciation or thanks, that stirs my wrath when flippant writers or talkers sneer at Government workers. There are men serving in Washington without any adequate public understanding of their value who are the world's leading experts in their lines, to whom the wise defer and whose work underlies as an unseen foundation much for which lesser men get praise. The tide-predicting machine is great, but not so great as the mind of the modest gentleman who was its creator. There are men in the same service—Faris, Bowie, and many others, my friend Lieutenant-Commander G. T. Rude, once of the Isis, among them—whom it is a fine privilege to know and with whom it was a joy to be associated. The Director, Colonel E. Lester Jones, lifted his Bureau out of the very jaws of disaster and made it—the oldest scientific service in the country—one of the best, as it is the largest, of similar services in the world.

Dr. Hugh M. Smith, former Commissioner of Fisheries, is widely known and honored throughout scientific circles in Europe and America—a faithful and able public servant, in very truth a gentleman and a scholar, I rejoice to call him friend. There were Chamberlain and Tyrer of Navigation, and Conway and Gillette of Lighthouses, and Moore of Fisheries, and Libbey in my own office. Would I could name all of the men it is a delight to honor! May this be at least a partial tribute to you all for loyalty and unselfishness and for fine fruitful work. You were there before me, most of you, my friends, and you remain at your posts of duty serving your country ably, deserving more of her than she has as yet seen fit to render you. And you, friends out in the field, scattered throughout the land and the world, respected for sound cause in the districts you so ably serve; and you, the captains at sea and the keepers in the lonely places; and you men who have traveled far in commercial enterprise, your old chief remembers you with honor for your loyalty and self-forgetfulness.

Nor can I close these articles that so inadequately sketch a portion of the work during my service without a reference to my beloved associate, Hon. Edwin F. Sweet, Assistant Secretary of Commerce. Never had man truer friend than I had in him. Able, loyal, devoted, sincere, a delightful companion, a wise counselor, a fine executive, may these words speak to him a little of what is due.

Thurman has made the great adventure and has passed over to the other side. My gratitude to him for wise and sound guidance, and to Quigley, his associate. One must not become garrulous over one's friends, but you, my reader, to whom some of these names are strange, may discern a little of the spirit of the Department and understand better why I resent so strongly the superficial snarling that condemns so sharply at times those who deserve only praise. Human and fallible all these men, and learning by their mistakes and ready to acknowledge error, expecting little from the public they ably served and often receiving less. I should be false to them and to myself if I kept silent when appreciation may be spoken. Truly in them and in many like them, men and women all through the Government services, lies the unknown Government.

FAREWELL TO THE FOURTH ESTATE

Those were a fine lot of young men who used to come to my office gathering news for the press. I hope they liked me as well as I did them. They had pretty much the free run of the Commerce Building, and used it. Often one of them would come in with some kind of a "scoop" and ask to be steered straight on it or on some other public matter, and they all faithfully kept the confidence given them.

A few days before I left they arranged a luncheon for me at the National Press Club, and we had a delightful time together. They were all members of the Treasury Correspondents' Association, composed of newspaper writers who report concerning what are known in Washington as the downtown departments. Some twenty of these correspondents attended the luncheon in the Flemish Room and others came in later. They represented the Associated Press, the United Press, the International News Service, the Central Press of America, and several metropolitan dailies, besides trade and technical journals.

The cordial good will of these sincere young men, whose keen minds and competitive training made them quick to discern the false from the true, was a real honor and a compliment that has never lost its charm. It was so also in Chicago at the end of the stormy Eastland days. There the reporters came at the close of the final day to my rooms to escort me to the train—a rare courtesy, and one I shall never forget. It is a pleasure to know that the valued friendships then created continue to this day.

Even the last day of my term of office brought a contact with men whom I am glad to remember as friends. On October 31, 1919, I entertained at luncheon a large delegation of foreign commercial visitors representing several countries, and my work ended that afternoon. Prominent among the guests was Mr. Eugene Schneider, the great French ironmaster and then the head of the *British* Iron and Steel Association. He is a man of fine culture—a citizen of whom any country might be proud. In the course of our talk I asked him what he did for recreation, how he escaped from the burdensome cares of a vast industry. He replied that on his estate and near his residence he had built a chapel. His recreation was to go there alone, close the doors, and play the organ.

Finally, I do not recall who is the author of the following words, but they speak a truth which we ought to heed:

> We shall all do well to realize that our written Constitution, which we are accustomed to worship rather in the manner of a savage with his fetish, is admirable only as creating the great vital organs of government. In our unwritten Constitution we have created the mechanism by which those organs function in relation to one another and to the nation. It is the solar plexus of the body politic, and its healthful operation can be maintained only by a far deeper knowledge and a far more profoundly constructive effort of intelligence than we have ever given it.

This concludes the series of articles by ex-Secretary Redfield on the life and customs of official Washington, and the shortcomings and virtues of Uncle Sam

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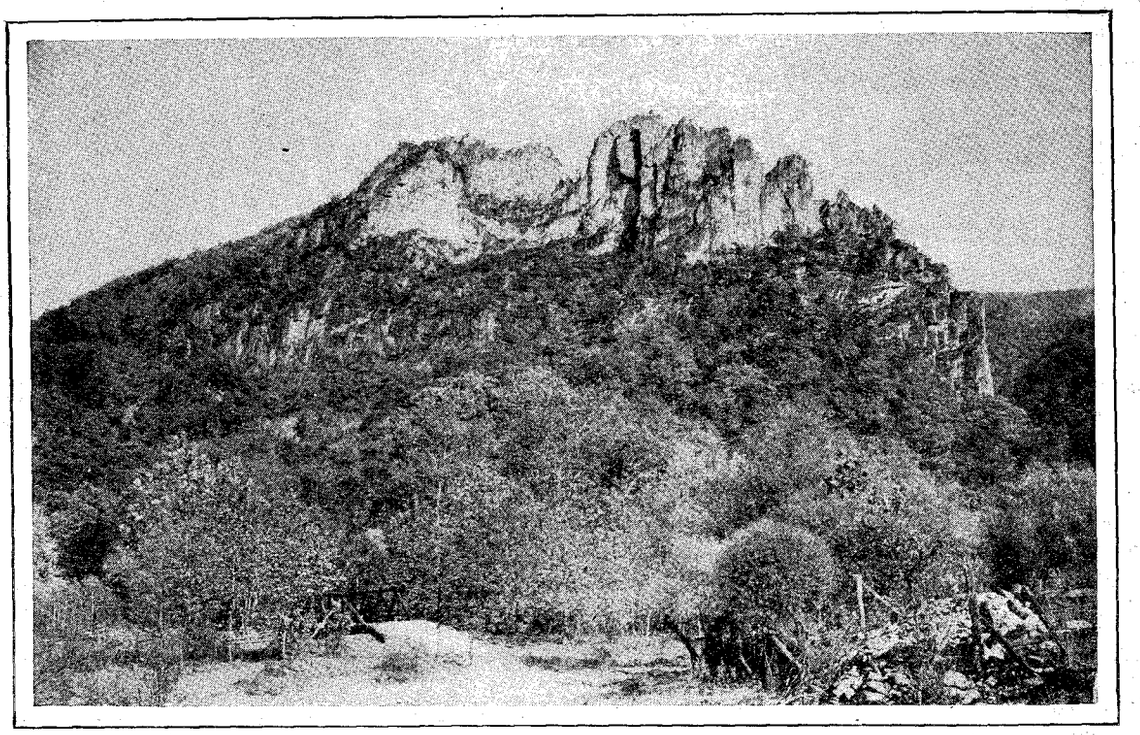
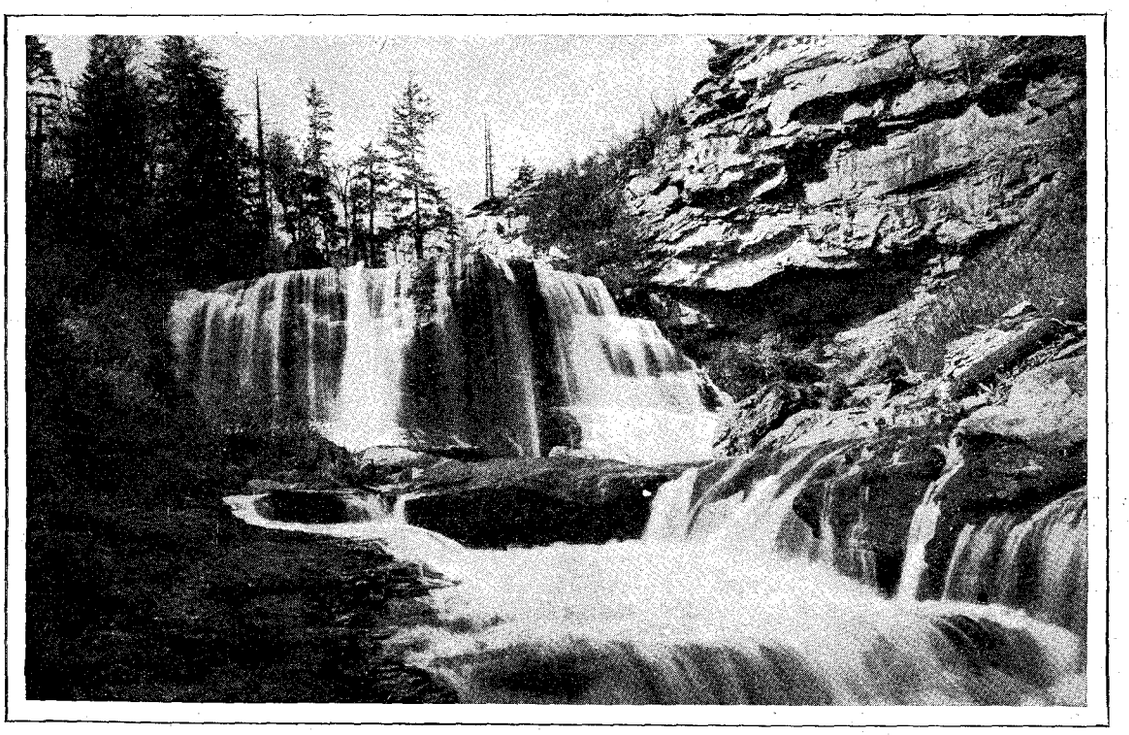
SCENES IN MONONGAHELA NATIONAL FOREST, WEST VIRGINIA



SENECA ROCK. THIS SPECTACULAR ROCK RISES TO A HEIGHT OF 800 FEET ABOVE SENECA CREEK, WHICH FLOWS AT ITS BASE. IT IS AN ISOLATED FOREST REGION, BUT IMPROVED ROADS WILL SOON MAKE IT EASILY ACCESSIBLE TO TOURISTS



BLACKWATER FALLS. THE MAIN PART OF THESE FALLS IS 63 FEET IN HEIGHT. FROM THE FALLS THE WATER FLOWS THROUGH A DEEP GORGE, FORMING A SCENE OF WILD AND RARE BEAUTY

Photographs by F. E. Brooks, French Creek, West Virginia

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THE BOOK TABLE

A GUIDE TO THE IMAGINATION

BY EDMUND LESTER PEARSON

FEW are the persons who think it necessary to apologize for reading works of fact. Generally speaking, there is nothing safer than to let it be known that your travels among books are upon the solid ground of absolute truth—as we often hastily assume history and biography and, still more, dictionaries and encyclopædias to be. It is after the candidate for the Presidency is secure in the White House that his friends begin to circulate the news that he has an amiable human weakness for detective stories, just like the rest of us common folk. That would hardly be advisable during the campaign. If you think that poetry and romance, imaginative literature of any kind, is not still, even after all these centuries, on the defensive and subject to the profound suspicion of the "average man," listen to or read the proceedings in almost any court of law. It comes out that the accused, or some witness, has been reading novels.

"Ha! Do you hear that, gentlemen of the jury? A reader of novels!"

And the jury is supposed to accept the intimation of the attorney that, if it be the accused, he is naturally capable of committing whatever infamy he may be charged with, from running a bucket shop to maintaining a "murder farm." Or, if he be an opposing witness—"Well, gentlemen, it is left to your sober judgment whether you will credit any statements made by a reader of novels!" In a certain remarkable trial it appeared that the chief Government witness, a passenger on a ship where a crime had occurred, had been reading a novel by Clark Russell. Counsel for the defense brandished that Clark Russell story before the eyes of the jury more than once; he did not actually say so, but he clearly wished the jurymen to suspect that nothing real could happen in the vicinity of a reader of novels. There was pretty strong evidence—in the shape of three dead bodies—that something had happened on that ship. But it would not be counsel's fault if he did not plant a doubt in the minds of the twelve honest farmers and tradesmen whether the whole business had not been imagined by that fanciful, novel-reading passenger, who had dreamed it all, perhaps, and procured the three bodies somehow, merely to cast a glow of romance over the scene.

On the other hand, it is not improbable that there are groups of intensely artistic or literary folk who are exactly as hostile to anything not of imagination compact; who would hold up to scorn anybody found reading such a sober work as an almanac, a biographical dictionary, or a guide-book. These are also extremists. Did not Mark Twain dote upon books of statistics, and Stevenson eagerly devour the dictionary? Almost every man loves maps and atlases; women look upon them with dull eyes, which probably convicts them of lack of one high form of imagination. Akin to the love of maps is a passion for guide-books. Baedeker has always had many devoted readers who had no intention of making practical use of the information he gave; the section on the sights of Montmartre and their permissibility for the respectable Briton was always a favorite passage.

The second edition of "Rider's New York City"[1] is a compact, fat little green book of nearly seven hundred pages, yet easily to be carried in a man's coat pocket. It is full of highly useful, interesting, and often amusing information about a city which, if not the most wonderful of modern cities, is certainly one of the most extraordinary, varied, and surprising. For practical use by the visitor, the stranger, and the foreigner there is scarcely anything omitted which the mind of man can conceive. The pages of facts given as preliminaries, under such heads as Hotels and Restaurants, Street Railroads, Steamship Lines, Post and Telegraph Offices, Theatres, Exhibitions, Sports and Games, Clubs, Shops and Stores, Churches, and Newspapers and Magazines, form in themselves a guide to the visitor remarkable in its extent and detail, and all this before he sets out upon his sight-seeing tours. How carefully his sight-seeing is looked after may be gathered by observing that the collections in the Metropolitan Museum of Art occupy no less than fifty pages of the book.

This second edition of the Guide has increased over the first by more than two hundred pages. Yonkers and the near-by New Jersey towns have been omitted, in order to give space to matter more appropriate to such a guide—things contained within the five boroughs of the city itself. The few errors in proof-reading are hardly worth mentioning (1829 for 1629, on page xxii, and "pontoon" for patroon, on page 193, are two I noticed), while in matters of opinion the statement about the increase in wearing evening dress in the theaters (page 69) and about "perfectly tailored men" (page 242) might be open to question. Writing about the city of perpetual change, one must expect to be soon out of date in some details. Readers of the Guide might think that performances are still being given at the Hippodrome, and that the evening paper the "Globe" is still published. Alas! that these statements are no longer true, as they were when this book went to press, not so many weeks ago. But the weekly periodical Life" has not been on West 31st Street for some time (page 248), nor is it well to write "the Le Marquis" in referring to a neighboring hotel.

A map is still needed of the region lying between Chambers and 34th Streets, especially since this territory includes Greenwich Village, to whose "freakish tea-rooms, shops, and studios" a larger amount of attention is paid in this edition. The three new folding maps may be well enough to consult at home; if any traveler is incautious enough to unfurl one of them while on top of a bus, or in the open air at all, he will have no further need for the Guide except in so far as his friends consult it in his behalf in the section devoted to asylums for the mentally deranged.

The Guide is to be commended for the notes on life and customs in New York, in the Introduction; for its advice about planning a stay in New York; and for its paragraph on New York's principal attractions. Its information about Greenwich Village, its note about the Curb Market on Broad Street, and its note on the Negro colony in Harlem (page 479) are especially admirable examples of the curious bits of information which make a guide-book readable as well as valuable. It is brief and correct about the Hearst papers; it records that Nassau Street was once "the Street that leads by the Pye Woman;" and it is not too dignified to refer to the home of Mary Rogers (Poe's Marie Roget), to the scene of the Rosenthal murder, or to Bruno's Garret. There are some buried bits of humor in the pages about the American Museum of Natural History. What a pity it is that the book could not call attention to the fact that one of the city's best humorists is on guard in the Hall of

[1] Rider's New York City: A Guide-Book for Travellers. Compiled under the General Editorship of Fremont Rider by Frederic Taber Cooper and Others. Second Edition. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $4.50.

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Dinosaurs in that institution—even though his humor, like that of "Merton of the Movies," is perhaps more or less unintentional.

THE NEW BOOKS

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

"THAT MARVEL—THE MOVIE." By Edward S. Van Zile. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.

Appendices to books are often as uninteresting as prefaces, and we are inclined to guess that readers skip them about as habitually as they skip prefaces. In the case of Mr. Van Zile's book, however, we advise the reader to turn to the appendices first. They contain some extraordinarily interesting and compact facts about the moving-picture art or industry, on which the American people spend over half a billion dollars a year in buying tickets of admission. Then if the reader will turn back and read the preface by Mr. Will H. Hays his or her interest will be stimulated enough to go on with the book itself.

Mr. Van Zile has skillfully mingled opinions and interpretations with the facts and history of the industry. The book is by no means a denunciation of the moving-picture theater, although it is a frank criticism of its defects and dangers. Indeed, Mr. Van Zile rather enthusiastically regards the moving picture as "the hope of civilization." Whatever may be thought of the extravagance of this phrase, it is certainly true that moving pictures are exercising an extraordinary influence on civilization that is hardly yet comprehended. For this reason, such honest and intelligent essays as Mr. Van Zile's should be welcomed—especially welcomed by fathers, mothers, and teachers. Let it not be thought from this that Mr. Van Zile is conventionally didactic; on the contrary, he is very interesting. The very fact, however, that he is interesting will set his readers thinking.

POETRY

SELECTED POEMS. By Robert Frost. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $2.

Within the compass of 143 pages Robert Frost has gathered together a surprisingly large amount of the work that has appeared in "A Boy's Will," "North of Boston," and "Mountain Interval." Indeed, to all intents and purposes "Selected Poems" is a collected edition of the New England poet's works, for the omissions include but the lesser poems which in nowise affect the fame of the author. There is nothing new in this book, nothing that has been written since "Mountain Interval," and this confirms the suspicion that Mr. Frost is to have a new volume out in the fall, his first since "Mountain Interval." If anything, this collection (covering the entire range of Mr. Frost's art from the early lyrics of "A Boy's Will" to the mature studies and stories of the later books) emphasizes his place in American poetry and confirms his possession of a definite niche. He has pictured New England farm life with a wise, humorous, tender touch that is not to be found in the work of any other living author. The hard hills of New Hampshire, the bitter winters, the gnarled laborers of the furrows, are fused here into an almost mystic conception of life that is infinite in its delicate nuances. It is a strange colloquial poetry with the rich tang of the soil in it, a medium that could have been captured only by a man who had lived the life that is pictured therein. Robert Frost is one of our two definite figures (Mr. Robinson is the other one), and "Selected Poems" may serve to deepen the impression that he has made already.

GREAT DREAM (THE). By Marguerite Wilkinson. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

Whether or not we agree with Mrs. Wilkinson's sturdy, not to say stubborn, optimism, those of us who are still unafraid to admit the pleasure to be found in unconcealed music and noble thinking may look for delight of a high quality in this, her third book.

The remark on the cover to the effect that these poems show a marked advance over her previous work does not really prepare us for the startling improvement. It is an advance that leads one to wonder what has happened to the writer since the appearance of her "Bluestone." The secret seems to be told in the group of religious lyrics. The quiet sincerity of these is both appealing and convincing. The title poem and the "Chant of the Human Trinity" are the only things in the new book that seem to belong rather to the earlier one. They are poems that the reader who is without "cosmic consciousness" will be likely to find distinctly annoying.

The three English lyrics are delightful, and it is hard to see how "The Somerset Farmer" and "The Robber in England" with its

> I have come stealing the tilt of the thatches
> Where villages doze among the green patches,
> Where each little house as the road winds around
> Seems to have grown from a root in the ground,

can escape popularity.

Mrs. Wilkinson's essay at polyphonic prose is alarmingly successful. We are warned on the jacket that it is an allegory. Away with such warnings! They insult the intelligence of those who would read it as an allegory and terrify the simplicity of those who would not. And it seems unwise to have printed an interpretation of it on the jacket. An alleogry to achieve its aim must be capable of interpretation according to the mind of the individual reader. This reader misses her guess if the given interpretation is quite what Mrs. Wilkinson was talking about, but that is really neither here nor there. "If you do not meddle with the allegory, the allegory will not meddle with you," remarked Hazlitt; and, read simply, it is a thrilling canoe trip. Although done in one of the "new" methods, it is on a different level from the unpremeditated strains of profuse art now being poured out upon us.

"To Failure" is probably the best poem in the book technically, and its quiet courage is deeply appealing:

> Since you are what my days have brought,
> All winter and summer that I know,
> Breaking away the little twigs
> That, one by one, aspire to grow
> From the old trunk of my desire—
> Since you have seared my bloom with fire
> And put a blight upon the bud
> That might have been a crooked flower,
> I cannot choose but feel your touch
> And own your power.
> . . . . . .
> You have been fire, you have been frost,
> And storm and shadow and pain to me;
> But yet you have not killed the life
> Uprising in my stubborn tree.
> Sometimes I dream that even I
> May learn at last to fill my sky
> With all the darling bloom of life,
> With waving beauty that men bless
> For shelter and shade. O barren boughs,
> Learn fruitfulness!

But it is impossible to read the book without dwelling upon the characteristic "Our Joys Are Many." We may believe with all our hearts that "it ain't so," but how good it is to find that some one of evident intelligence thinks it is!

> Our joys are many as the stars that quiver
> Above us in the evening, many as waters
> That underneath the starlight burn and shiver;
> Our joys are many as all the shining daughters
> Of mothering Heaven, and they shine as far;
> Our joys are as many as our sorrows are.
>
> Oh, who has numbered them all from the beginning,
> Crying their names aloud, telling the splendor
> Of joys that rise on terrible pinions, winning
> The enchanted airs, of little joys more tender
> That like young clover flourish in the grass
> And kiss our feet too humbly while we pass?

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"WHAT BOOKS MEAN TO ME"

LETTERS WHICH WON FOURTH PRIZES IN THE OUTLOOK'S RECENT BOOK-LOVERS' CONTEST

NIGHT LIFE IN GATH

BY KATHERINE L. KELLY

FOR a long time I have been leading an unsuspected double life with wicked complacency. Now, I suppose, it will all be shouted in Gath and published in the streets of Askelon. By day I live a sober, cog-like, Band-of-Hope sort of existence under the unimpressed noses of my fellow-mortals; but at night, oh, Gath and Askelon, what madcap vagrant revels I hold in fellowship with the friendly Immortals down Great White Ways you never dream I tread!

This gay night life begins when, settled before the fire in my book-littered sanctum, I open the day's mail. I never know what invitation to high adventure may lie in one of those siren-voiced offers from importunate publishing houses to send me on approval wagon-loads of the choice and master spirits of the ages. Once for five cents (for one miserable peanut, popcorn, and chewing-gum nickel!) a publisher devised and bequeathed to me forever the priceless possession of Francis Thompson's exquisitely conceived "Essay on Shelley." To be sure, Francis came posting down upon me in the thinnest possible of paper jackets; but we night-lifers are no respecters of clothes — Montaigne elegant in calf-skin; Addison genial in cheap red cloth; immortal Will in frayed buckram; Galileo murmuring, *"Eppur si muove,"* up his cardboard sleeve; Emerson in real leather; Me in twice-turned serge! Oh, Gath!

Humdrum as a painted ship by day, at night I "sweep the spiritual seas from heaven to hell." I have adventured all night long with Drake in the pulsing verse of Alfred Noyes; laughed till the stars grew pale at Falstaff and his knaves in Kendal green; swaggered about ducal palaces with Cellini; stood before kings with Motley; paced the floor while Machiavelli dared clothe and unclothe his naked villainy in living words.

I never know what distant land or age or personage I may encounter, nor at what hour I will, like Pepys, "to bed." Setting forth most modernly with Wells, perhaps, some foot-note path leads me to the Hebrew prophets; whence I leap nimbly to the Britannica's Med. to Mub., where unexpectedly Milton beckons with meanings only to be gleaned by scything deep in classic fields and scurrying wide-eyed down dictionary lanes.

Small wonder so many sages of my book family must be calico-clad; the main thing is that we are all under one roof. Still, however watched and tended, our fireside has ever one vacant chair. It stands waiting for Lady Mary Montagu, who, alas! comes not in in five-cent-nickel binding.

I often wonder if, when I shall no longer wander in Gath and Askelon, I must cease wandering also through Arden's forest or Vailima's paths, on Horeb's rugged peak or under Concord's stately elms. Perhaps, our earthly bindings broken, we shall talk there face to face, the friendly Immortals and I.

THE SHELF-ISH SHELL-FISH

BY ELLEN KNAP

THOUGH it shock the systematic, I must avow myself a mollusk reader. This class consists of those who are clamped tight to some rock of daily routine and live mentally on what the currents of chance wash up against their shells.

Seldom do these readers search for special books. Even less often do they lay out a course of study. They read whatever comes to hand, and chiefly for relaxation. Let me maintain that such inertia has its excuses, even its advantages. At least we do read and nourish not altogether a blind life within the brain.

Perhaps the argument depends somewhat upon the situation of one's rock. Mine is not unfavored. Our house is full of books, some inherited from a book-buying generation who lived in ampler times. Other books drift in from school, college, and library. Magazines and newspapers thicken the stream. Finally, one of my duties is book-tasting for a small parish library. A supply is thus insured.

Humbly do I admire the twenty-minute-a-day clubs, the five-foot-shelf students, and the hundred-best-book buyers. But for none of this have mollusks the necessary will power. Sufficient unto every day are the tasks thereof. If reading were to be another task, we would none of it. But it is easy if one has learned to take and love what comes. Our only temptation is not to take too much time for it.

Any routine work affords a chance. The open book on the bureau while one is dressing keeps the Arab cares to their tents a little later. A solitary meal invites a friendly book as welcome guest. One can ruminate on bits snatched while dusting or darning. A free hour in the afternoon is suitable for the children's "supplementary reading."

When the last task is done, some book beloved in youth, if it ever had a real message, is welcome anew. After one is in bed poetry and Scripture, mentally conned.

Adventures of the spirit? Certainly! Almost we get pried off our rocks sometimes. Some new book electrifies us, or an old volume suddenly reveals to us in the spirit one whom we had known and loved in the flesh. What giant readers they were in those days! Witness the rows of Darwin, Miller, Geikie, etc.

Yes, there are advantages in the shell-fish attitude. One is that we have no uncomfortable ambitions. We can ignore the best-sellers and turn to the classics if the mood serves, there to browse peacefully on their rich freshness. We are almost glad there is not more time to read, for when we are at work physically we think. If we could read all the time, when should we do our thinking?

TWO-WAY WINDOWS

BY KATHERINE CARR WILSON

IT is customary to say (to the young) that "books are doors." But to me books are not doors, but windows. For doors are so often shut, or open only one way, while windows are both for looking out and looking in.

There are books that are the shining windows of the perfectly kept house, giving an unobstructed view through crystal-clear and shining glass to the far horizon; or those, better yet, that have no glass, be it ever so shining, but are open to the winds blowing from a sparkling sea. These are the books that give one to dream of the great things in the world. Some poetry gives one this looking-out feeling—Browning occasionally, Noyes rather oftener—through the very beauty of the words; but I find oftener that the books which take me to the windows looking out so clearly into perfect beauty are the books of accomplishment—the real accomplishment of real people. This of course is why I enjoy biography so keenly. The recently published letters of Mr. Page are such glowing windows.

And then there are the books that are windows through which we still look out, but not at far horizons. Rather, they are the windows through which we see our nearer neighbors.

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Much contemporary fiction is of this type.

Of course what is looking out to one is looking in to another. For instance, I should say it depends almost entirely upon one's own age or the status of one's husband in the business world whether "Babbitt" is an in-looking or out-looking window for any given person, while "The Bright Shawl," which is a book of far horizons for some, is distinctly a book seen through the in-looking window for one who had the fortune to live even a short time in the glistening and impetuous city.

The books through which one looks in instead of out of the windows are of course the ones that most closely touch our own experiences. To some, for instance, the girl Alice in Tarkington's book, would be seen as she sits at the dance only as a rather silly young girl in a foolish situation; while to others of us she is the intensely real and tragic person we once were when we did not have quite enough partners at the high school dance. And to those of us who have lived through the various absorbing phases of young married life that are often the theme of Sara Teasdale's and Mary Davies's charming little poems reading them is simply looking through the candle-lit windows into our own little house.

But either way—inward-looking or outward-looking—this "window" idea of books is an interesting one, for what it really means is this: This in-looking windows are the introspective books that you can apply to your own life, past or future; while through the out-looking windows you have the far horizons and escape from yourself and your environment when you want that. You may take any book from any shelf, and it rests thenceforth only with yourself whether the windows shall be inward-looking or outward-looking.

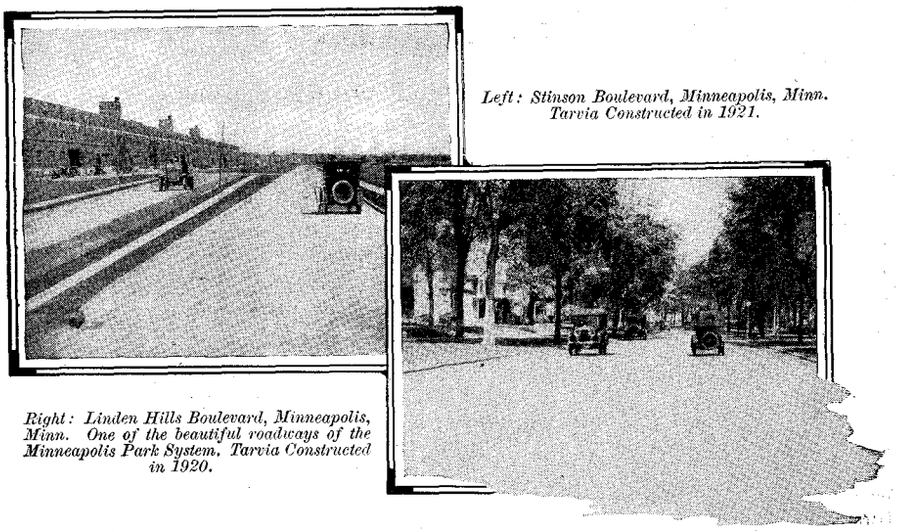
ONE FOR EVERY MOOD

BY R. S. DECK

I LIKE books because I'm moody. For the same reason I like to hunt, and play croquet and golf, and climper on a mandolin, and play with children, and dance, and loaf in a country store. Also I am disgustingly sentimental.

In these days of high living and indifferent thinking one of my customs is a little amusing: I am moderately rational, and yet tears often stand in my eyes as I follow the distress of Little Nell or her prototype. I usually have a good sobby laugh at myself before one of them passes the end of my nose, but by that time I'm guilty!

I like all kinds of books. If they are good ones, I enjoy reading them. If not, I enjoy looking at them from a



Left: Stinson Boulevard, Minneapolis, Minn. Tarvia Constructed in 1921.

Right: Linden Hills Boulevard, Minneapolis, Minn. One of the beautiful roadways of the Minneapolis Park System. Tarvia Constructed in 1920.

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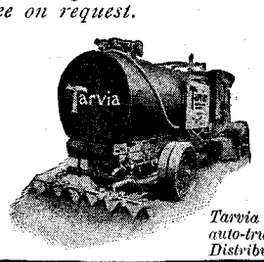

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"WHAT BOOKS MEAN TO ME"
(*Continued*)

distance as they swell the ranks on the shelves and contemplating their possibilities as I walk toward them.

Many people prefer old books with yellowed leaves and a mysterious musty smell. To be at their best, these should be pulled from a thick-sided pine box, in an old attic, where a shower of gray dust and blackened hands herald each renaissance. They were probably grandfather's, or they belonged to mother when she was a beautiful young girl. From such a standpoint, these volumes are undoubtedly interesting; also the newspapers around them, with their very old dates and their stories of the big snow and the bumper apple crop.

I like new books better. I like to strip off the outside paper and examine the binding; to cut the pages at the top, and if the fly-leaf bears a cherished autograph, to gloat over it. It is a delightful sensation to open a book for the first time in the wrong way, and hear it crackle in the back. Then there are the illustrations. What thrills those inhumanly square faces have caused from the days of "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Sherlock Holmes" to those of "Babbitt"!

And, most of all, what an inspiration I find in the smiles and tears and prayers and fun in those books! All kinds of books!

Mark Twain makes me chuckle; Poe makes me grit my teeth; Sinclair Lewis makes me tired. James Whitcomb Riley makes me snivel in a worldly-wise way; Pope puzzles me; Molière makes me grin; Browning relieves me of "that tired feeling" (oh, seller of patent medicine!). When I read the "Rubaiyàt," I want to lean back and smoke and dream. Robert Service rather interests me, and Walt Whitman. I pity Jean Valjean and Faustus. I gaze at the flashing colors of the Northern Lights and the limitless reaches of spruce forest with Curwood; I feel the fevered, blasting wind of the South Seas with Jack London. I am stimulated by John Erskine. I shiver at Hamlet; I moan with Macbeth, and I rollick with Touchstone.

I like books because I'm moody.

FILLING IN THE CHINKS OF TIME

BY HELEN M. FRANCIS

THOSE elusive little pocketfuls of time! How hard to find and keep, tucked away as they are in the tag ends of a life. There's the moment when we wait for the porridge to be served, the bedtime hour when we munch an apple, and, for travelers, all sorts of bargain remnants of time. What more pleasant way to spend them than reading? And because I am a teacher and proctor study halls, I can sometimes snatch an instant when all is serene to open the volume clutched surreptitiously behind the back. But only books with the roll of the sea in them or eerie fancy can hold power, for must I not survey my throng at intervals like Milton's "Melancholy," "sober, steadfast, and demure"? No detective story could endure the lapses necessary for frowning, and those books with the breath of orchards and meadows in them, such as "Donn Byrne's" "The Wind Bloweth" and James Stephens's "Crock of Gold" can best bear the interruptions.

When the eyes must be alert, steely, and constantly roving, nothing is more excellent diversion than learning sonnets. Either the very old ones, like Sidney's "With how sad steps, O moon," or the very new of Edna St. Vincent Millay go beautifully. Both pastimes, reading and learning, can be done doubly well in remnants of time, because there is opportunity for mental digestion.

The books I like best are the ones I cannot dissever from the places where I've read them or the people who enjoyed them. "The Hound of Heaven" will always be for me the poem of a college friend; "The Story of my Heart," by Jeffries, is linked with a friend who strove for physical perfection and abundant energy; Hilaire Belloc's "Hills and the Sea" I remember for a seagoing boy. Sterne's inimitable "Sentimental Journey" is still the property of a teacher who read aloud the incident of the gloves. A copy of Michelangelo's sonnets I think of always in the corner of the college library where it rests, with the sun streaming onto its warm leather.

My change of taste in reading has been like that of every one. As a child and high school student, I read to count as accomplished certain well-known classics. With an unconscious sigh of relief, I would finish "Henry Esmond," to start with a mad rush "The Vicar of Wakefield." In college I read as a relief from too much dormitory chatter. Down a winding stairway in the library to a comfortable basement cranny, where I could perch on a packing-box unmolested save for janitors, there was a chance for real reading. But now, when time has become my own, I can take a spiritual breath of fresh air and read what I like. Masefield's poems I reread more than any other book I own; and for æsthetic pleasure who would ask more than to turn the pages of Mosher's edition of Gissing's "Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft"?

THE MAIL BAG

THE LAYMAN HELPS

As a regular subscriber to The Outlook, I take this opportunity to express my approval of and interest in the article "Is the Social Worker Religious?" by Julia Houston Railey, published in the July 4 issue.

Her point of view as to what is religion is suggestive and interesting. I always read articles in your magazine on religion by a layman or laywoman, with greater hope of finding practical applications and model examples suited to real life which may bring out points of universal agreement in contradistinction to the many orthodox points of difference.

I believe that along such lines religious peace is possible, and might be a long step in the direction of world peace. A. B. EMMONS, 2D.

Boston, Massachusetts.

[Dr. Emmons is Director of the Harvard Mercantile Health Work, at Harvard Medical School. —The Editors.]

FROM THE YOUNGER GENERATION

I HAVE read the articles by an undergraduate of Smith College and an undergraduate of Harvard in The Outlook of June 6, and I have read the article in The Outlook of June 13 on "The Religion of the Campus," by a Student at Harvard (the same who wrote the article published June 6).

Like the author of "The Religion of the Campus," I have always preferred the prodigal to the older son who stayed at home.

All three articles have the sureness of the young person—which I like. However, later in life both will find out that one is not so very sure, after all.

If I mistake not, both are in revolt against creeds, and so am I. Both, I think, regard the Church as behind the times, and so do I. However, the Church is the best expression of the religious life of the world, and I support it by my money, by my presence at religious services, and in all other ways. I think it is worth supporting.

I have liked the articles much. They have frankly expressed the views of college students, generally, I think.

This is the time in the life of students when questions arise; and why shouldn't they? They arise with all of us sooner or later, and it is better that they arise sooner.

I sincerely hope that both these young people may come to have the faith that I have (I am seventy-six) and be no more disturbed by questions and doubts than I am, though all of us have our questions and doubts occasionally.

CHARLES T. BROCKWAY.

Utica, New York.

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COMPANION wanted with nursing ability for elderly woman in Brooklyn. 4,031, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

PRIVATE teacher. Farm near Toledo. Beginning October. Pleasant separate house. Twelfth grade and under. Several children. Give references, experience, salary expected, photograph. 4,039, Outlook.

WANTED, in September, tutor for three children, 9, 10, and 11 years old, doing 4th, 5th, and 6th grade work. Will be in New Hampshire until December, rest of winter in Arizona. *Must like out-of-door life and be able to* handle horses. In reply give experience and history in detail. Give references, age, and state salary desired. 4,009, Outlook.

WANTED, September 1, French governess and mother's assistant. Protestant, 30-40. Must have knowledge of modern school methods in this country. Two children, 5 and 7. Salary $60. Send picture, references, and write fully in first letter. Country home. 4,026, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Business Situations

SECRETARY—Young woman, experienced secretary, will be free September 1. Desires position with editor, writer, or public person. Thoroughly capable of handling all personal and detail work. Excellent references. Address 4,036, Outlook.

WANTED—Position with some large manufacturing concern as personnel director or head of welfare department. Many years' experience with men. References. 4,034, Outlook.

POSITION wanted. Man, mature age, refined, intellectual, personality. Acquaintance with many public men. Secretary to man of means, anywhere. References exchanged. 4,044, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

EXPERIENCED housekeeper who can drive car, direct servants, and understands care of children wishes position as managing head of a home. References. 4,015, Outlook.

WANTED — Position as housemother Protestant school, boys. Box 973, Chautauqua, N. Y.

REFINED middle-aged woman desires position as housemother in school. Address 4,037, Outlook.

NURSE going West will take child for expenses. 4,035, Outlook.

MATRON, six years' experience in schools, having executive ability, initiative, culture, desires position in September. References. 4,047, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

CULTURED Virginia tutor desires position. Would travel. Experienced. 4,022, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Teachers and Governesses

ENGLISH lady desires position as governess with family going to Europe this fall. Entire charge of one or two children. Lessons, outdoor games. Excellent references. Experienced traveler. Age 28. M. K. Middleton, Post Office, Easthampton, Long Island.

MUSIC teacher desires position in college, conservatory, normal school. Subjects: piano, harmony, kindergarten music. Trained: Boston, New York. Experience: fifteen years. 4,038, Outlook.

NATIVE French teacher, B.S., wants position high school or private school. Experience *England. References.* 4,029, *Outlook.*

REFINED Christian young woman, with hospital training, seeks a position as governess; teaches German, elementary English, and kindergarten. Best of references. Address Apartment 11, 425 Porter Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

TEACHER experienced in primary and grade work, Middle West, desires position as companion, governess, or resident teacher. Refined home desired more than high salary. Used to travel; good reader; congenial, adaptable. References. 4,043, Outlook.

GOVERNESS. German, French, experienced teacher younger children, references, wishes position September. 4,042, Outlook.

LATIN. Eastern prep. man at liberty until September 15. 4,046, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a very thorough nurses' aid course of six months is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Monthly allowance and full maintenance is furnished. For further information address Directress of Nurses.

M. W. Wightman & Co. Shopping Agency, established 1895. No charge; prompt delivery. 25 West 24th St., New York.

BOYS wanted. 500 boys wanted to sell The Outlook each week. No investment necessary. Write for selling plan, Carrier Department, The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.

WANTED—Young women to take 9 months' course in training for the care of chronic and convalescent invalids. Apply Superintendent, F. E. Parker Home, New Brunswick, N. J.

SHOPPING by New York expert who will send things, services free. References. Miss *Guthman, 309 West 99th St.*

WILL board limited number of children during summer. Farm, near Kent, Conn. Experienced woman in charge. Sleeping-porch. Tuberculin tested Jersey cow. Spring water. References exchanged. 3,309, Outlook.

SPINSTER wanted, homeless, agreeable, educated, middle-aged, healthy, without "nerves," to share home, housekeeping, and expenses in another spinster's pleasant house in attractive New England town. 4,027, Outlook.

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BY THE WAY

"WHEN I first went to Japan," a long-time American resident of that country is reported in the "Type Metal Magazine" as saying, "they seemed to do everything the wrong way. They sawed wood by drawing the saw toward them. They backed their horses into the stalls. When our clocks were striking one, theirs would strike eleven. Their blacksmiths worked sitting down and when they wanted to rest they stood up. But gradually I learned that there was a logical reason for each of these seemingly queer habits.

"Pulling the saw prevented buckling. 'When are you in a hurry—when you put your horse in the stall or when you take him out?' was the answer of the man who was questioned about the horse. As to the clock, it seems that the Japanese prefer to know how many hours are left in the day rather than how many have passed. And the blacksmith who sits down works with his feet as well as his hands—literally, he has four hands, and he rests all these when he gets up."

No Evidence.—One afternoon, says the Washington "Herald," a stranger debarked from a train at a hustling town in the West and headed up the street. Finally he met a man who looked like a native.

"Pardon me," said the stranger, "are you a resident of this town?"

"Yes, sir," was the ready rejoinder of the other. "I have been here something like fifty years. What can I do for you?"

"I am looking for a criminal lawyer," responded the stranger. "Have you one here?"

"Well," said the native, reflectively, "we think we have, but we can't prove it on him."

One of the last herds of moose in the United States, comprising nearly 3,000 head, is in the State game refuge in Minnesota. Until the passage of protective laws recently, according to an article in the "Izaak Walton League Monthly," this herd was doomed to extinction. A permanent closed season, together with the defeat of a project to put automobile roads through the heart of the wilderness region, will now save these moose, it is believed. The temptation to shoot the moose from automobiles traversing the refuge would have been irresistible to so-called "sportsmen," it is said, and the defeat of the road-making project in this section is commended.

A feature of the "Pony Express" celebration which is planned for the end of August will be, it is announced,

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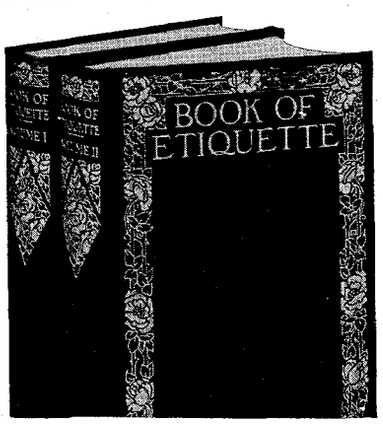
THE same, original, authentic, highly fascinating Book of Etiquette which is today the social authority in 500,000 homes. The Book of Etiquette which solves every social problem, protects from embarrassment, gives poise, ease, self-possession. Now only $1.98—instead of the regular $3.50 publishing price. Now offered you practically *at half*—for the sole purpose of bridging a season which is usually dull in the publishing business.

Every Social Problem Solved

Do you know how to acknowledge an invitation? Do you know what to wear to a formal function? Do you know what to say when you are introduced to a man, to a woman?

The Book of Etiquette will tell you exactly what to do, say, write and wear on every occasion. It banishes all doubt, gives you a wonderful new poise and ease of manner. It protects you from the humiliation of making conspicuous blunders—enables you to do and say always what is absolutely correct and in the best of form.



Are You *Sure* of Yourself?

Are you ever "tongue-tied" at a party? Or can you make conversation flow smoothly, naturally?

Are you timid and ill at ease among strangers—or are you a "good mixer"—able to hold your own no matter where you are or with whom you happen to be?

The Book of Etiquette will make you *sure* of yourself. If you are timid and self-conscious, it will give you new confidence and self-possession. You won't have to guess, or wonder—you will *know*. And you will be amazed when you see what a difference your ease and poise make. You'll be more popular; you'll be invited everywhere; people will admire you.

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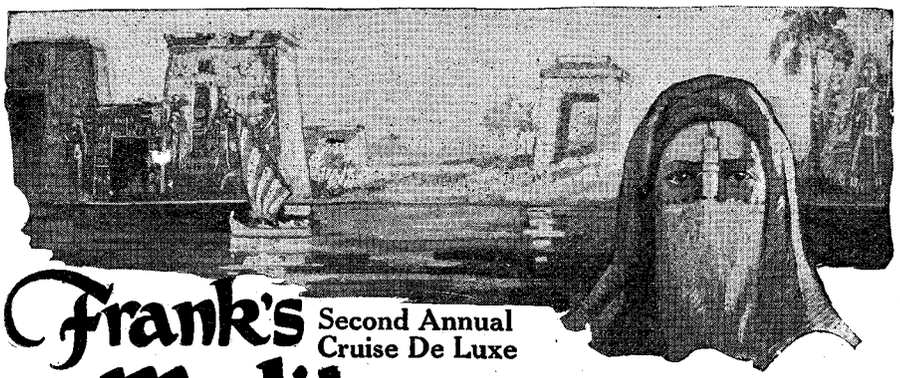

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BY THE WAY (*Continued*)

the unveiling of a twenty-foot bronze statue of Mark Twain on the top of Comstock Lode, in Nevada. This statue, designed by Roger Noble Burnham, of Berkeley, California, shows Mark in miner's garb, note-book in one hand and pencil in the other, as he looked in the days when he was a newspaper reporter for a Nevada mining-camp daily. Readers of "Roughing It" will remember that for a short time at this period of his career the famous humorist counted himself a millionaire, but as he and his partners failed to do any work on their claim it was forfeited.

From the "Passing Show" (apropos of London municipal improvements):

Mother Hen—"My dear Chicken, why did you cross the road?"

Chick—"I went across to inspect what I thought were new chicken coops, mamma, but they turned out to be Council houses."

Bartholomew Fair (popularly called "Bartlemy Fair"), which was held in London every year for over seven centuries but was finally abolished in 1853, has been revived this year to aid St. Bartholomew's Hospital. The "shows of wild beasts, dwarfs and monstrosities, tight-rope dancers, Punchinello," etc., have been seen again in modernized form. The lure of the original Fair to the Londoner was hinted at in an old-time ballad, in which a disappointed onlooker at a Royal procession was made to say:

"I've seen a better King than that
King there
On a great big stage in Bartlemy
Fair."

"Dr. Johnson, in spite of his many snubs to women writers, Hannah More in particular, is claimed as the 'inventor' of women journalists. Did he not have women assisting his three Scotsmen in that upper room where the great dictionary was compiled?" So says Mr. C. K. Shorter in the London "Sphere" in commenting favorably on a new publication, "The Woman Journalist," which puts on the cover of its first issue a picture of Dr. Johnson's house in Gough Square.

From the London "Humorist:"

"Can you write shorthand?"

"Yes, sir; but it takes me longer."

From "Tit-Bits:"

A girl was talking about her recent mountain-climbing expeditions. A foreign diplomat, listening intently, said, "Ah, mees, to climb that high mountain was a foot to be proud of."

"Pardon me," she said, "you mean feat, I think."

"Ah," said the diplomat, "so you climb him more than once, hein?"

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